

P O E M S

B Y

CHARLES JAMES, Esq.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHERS,

VANITY OF FAME,

THE YEAR 1800; or,

PETRARCH TO LAURA,

IT WILL BE SO.

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE,

SUICIDE.

Ut pictura, poesis erit: quæ, si proprius stes,
Te capiat magis; et quædam, si longius abstes:
Hæc amat obscuram; volet hæc sub luce vidèri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen;
Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit.

HORATIUS de Arte Poetica.

Ergo cave liber, et timidâ circumspice mente,
Et fatis a mediâ fit tibi plebe legi.

Difficile est tamen, hic remis utaris, an aurâ,
Dicere: Consilium resque locusque dabunt.

OVIDIUS.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N:

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C O N T E N T S

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

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DEDI-

E R R A T A

IN VOL. II.

Page 15, for *fix* read *fixt.*



The whistling winds that tear the skirted Sky,
Here lose their rage, and into murmurs die;
While Sorgia's rills in trickling horror creep,
And kindly prompt my aking eyes to weep:
Down my wan cheek the tear of anguish flows,
And lends a mournful respite to my woes.



C.R. Ryley del.

W. Skelton sculp.

PETRARCH.



P

A

P E T R A R C H

T O

L A U R A :

A POETICAL EPISTLE.

Ab nimium volui; tantum patiatur amari:

Audierit nostras non Cytherea preces.

Accipe, per longos tibi qui deserviet annos:

Accipe, qui pura norit amare fide.

Ovidii Amorum, LIB. I.

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D E D I C A T I O N.

T O

L A D Y H A G G E R S T O N.

EUDOSIA adds to her station in life a nobility of spirit, which still distinguishes her above the rest of her sex.— Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive ; but in EUDOSIA it is commanding : love towards EUDOSIA is a sentiment like the love of glory. The lovers of other Women are softened into fondness,— the admirers of EUDOSIA exalted into ambition.

SPECTATOR.

ENDOWED with the amiable qualities which deservedly rendered LAURA an ornament to the fourteenth century, and, like her, less distinguished for the external charms of a beautiful form, than your unblemished purity of mind, I know no one, beneath whose eyes this

this feeble sketch of PETRARCH's attachment can so properly be laid, as those, which, if PETRARCH now lived, might produce the same effects. For in whatever light the world beholds you—whether in the mild sunshine of domestic happiness, or in the public walk of fashionable life, breathing benevolence and social kindness—the natural serenity of your looks enlivens every scene; your beauty still attracts admiring crowds, while veneration bends to an acknowledged innocence of manners.

PERMIT me to withdraw, without apologizing for the liberty I have taken, in thus dedicating to your Ladyship the hasty production of a few mornings. I have trusted to that uncommon condescension, and mildness of disposition, which your acquirements, have joined all the beauty of LAURA. I shall add, as the sincerest testimony of my respect for virtue, a devout wish,
that

(v)

that you may long remain among us, attended
by every comfort of the marriage state; and
when you shall be called to your native heaven,
that you may still continue to live in the spotless
conduct of your fair descendants.

I have the honour to be,

My LADY,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient, and

Most humble Servant,

CHARLES JAMES.



THE
AUTHOR TO THE READER.

AS I am prepared to hear a variety of opinions respecting the morality of this Epistle, which from the hurry it was written in, and the unequal abilities of its author, must be liable to many errors—the only answer I shall make, will be, that in consulting human nature I conceive it possible to love as PETRARCH did. Far be it from me, however, to encourage a weakness, (to give it no other name) which every man in his senses must condemn, and which proved so fatal to that celebrated Poet. For, as the elegant translator of his life observes*, ‘whatever palliations may be drawn in excuse for PETRARCH, who lived in a dark age, under the clouds of superstition, which at that time covered

* Vide Mrs. Dobson's translation of the Life of PETRARCH.

‘ the world, no apology can be made, with justice, at present, for those, whose characters resemble his in this unhappy point of view ; since the light both of sacred and moral truth, now clearly conveyed to all, rejects all sophistry in respect to the internal disposition, as well as the outward conduct, and condemns as certainly the inward encouragement of the passion, as the outward commission of the crime.’

I cannot quit this agreeable and elegant Author, without acknowledging, that I am greatly indebted to the perusal of PETRARCH’s Life for one or two descriptions, and for some thoughts attempted in the Poem. At the same time, I must express my surprize, that among so many productions which have appeared of late, none should be seen upon a subject, where so very ample a field is opened for descriptive genius to range in. That pen, which in the brightest glow of imagination, could paint the feelings of LOUISA’s soul, would have found little difficulty in doing justice to the real anguish of PETRARCH’s heart. For my part, who have in one uninterrupted succession of ideas compleated this poetical trifle, I will candidly confess, that I found it more ar-

duous

duous to curb my heated fancy on this occasion, than I have at others to pick out images for the most barren subject. The unbounded attachment which PETRARCH, a man of the quickest sensibility, and naturally impetuous in his pursuits, felt for the beautiful LAURA, and which neither absence, time, nor a consciousness of error could diminish, affords the thinking mind such an exuberance of inward warfare, between a darling foible and a virtuous breast, that, like the eye in a crowded parterre of beautiful flowers, we no sooner stop at one feeling, than we are attracted by the gathering importance of another. I shall conclude this observation with an extract from the Life of PETRARCH, which will justify the warmth expressed in one part of the Poem. Writing to a friend at Avignon, he gives the following account of his agitated mind.

‘ I have not time to inform you of my sufferings in
‘ the city you are in; perceiving that the only means
‘ of recovering my health was to leave it, I took this step,
‘ notwithstanding all the efforts of my friends to retain
‘ me. Alas! their friendship serves only to my de-
‘ struction.

‘ struction. I came into this solitude (Vaucluse) to seek a shelter from the tempest ; and to live a little for myself, before I was called to die. I was near the mark I aimed at ; I felt, with extreme joy, my mind was more at ease ; the life which I led, seemed to approach to that of the blessed in heaven. But behold the force of habit and passion ! I return often, though led by no business, into that odious city. I cast myself into the nets in which I was before ensnared. I know not what wind drives me from the port into that stormy sea, where I have been so often shipwrecked. I am no sooner there, than I feel I am in a vessel, tossed on every side. I see the firmament on fire, the sea rage, and rocks ready to dash me in pieces. Death presents itself to my eyes ; and, what is worse than death, I am weary of my present life, and dread that which is to come.’



ARGUMENT.

A R G U M E N T.

PETRARCH and LAURA were both descended from noble families, who held the first employments in their respective countries. Family misfortunes, and the translation of the Apostolic See to Avignon by a Pope of French extraction, first brought Petrarch from Italy into France. Having at Avignon acquired the accomplishments requisite for a young man who had his fortune to make in the higher stations of life, he fixed his residence in that city, the seat of literature and of arts. It was there he accidentally met the celebrated Laura, at the entrance of a monastery dedicated to St. Claire. This happened in the twenty-third year of his age. He was, according to the memoirs published of his life, ‘so distinguished in his figure, as to attract universal admiration. He appears in his portraits,’ continues the same author, ‘with large and manly features, eyes full of fire, a blooming complexion, and a countenance that bespoke all the genius and fancy which shone forth in his works. He possessed an understanding active and penetrating; a brilliant wit, and a fine imagination. His heart was candid and benevolent, susceptible of the most lively

‘ lively affections, and inspired with the noblest sentiments of liberality.

Such was Petrarch, till his unfortunate attachment to an improper object threw a cloud over the brightest ornament of the fourteenth century. In his retirement at Vaucluse, in the neighbourhood of Avignon, he frequently endeavoured to get rid of his illicit passion, to which he as frequently returned, with redoubled violence. In the following epistle, the author has endeavoured to express the various conflicts of an agitated heart, struggling between an alluring passion and triumphant virtue.

Nor will it be supposed he has exceeded the bounds of probability, when it shall be remembered, according to the account given of him in his memoirs, ‘ That his temper was, on some occasions, violent, and his passions headstrong and unruly. A warmth of constitution hurried him into irregularities, which were followed with repentance and remorse.’

With respect to Laura, it is incontestibly proved, that at the time Petrarch first saw her, she was a married woman, whose husband, Hugues de Sade, held the first offices at Avignon; and not, as some have been pleased to conjecture, a mistress which the Poet kept at Vaucluse, The following

following account of her person will not, I trust, be deemed superfluous by the courteous reader ; for which I must once more have recourse to the ingenious Translator.

' At the time she first met Petrarch, she was dressed in green, and her gown embroidered with violets. Her face, her air, her gait, were something more than mortal. Her person was delicate, her eyes tender and sparkling, and her eye-brows black as ebony. Golden locks, (which, as I have frequently seen in the southern parts of France, were, I presume, of a bright auburn colour) ; waved over her shoulders whiter than snow ; and the ringlets were interwoven by the fingers of love. Her neck was well formed, and her complexion animated by the tints of nature, which art vainly attempts to imitate. When she opened her mouth, you perceived the beauty of pearls, and the sweetness of roses. She was full of graces. Nothing was so soft as her looks, so modest as her carriage, so touching as the sound of her voice. An air of gaiety and tenderness breathed around her, but so pure and happily tempered, as to inspire every beholder with the sentiments of virtue ; for she was chaste as the spangled dew-drop of the morn. Such, says Petrarch, was the amiable Laura.'

Her

Her attachment to Petrarch, whose unbounded tenderness and love afforded a poignant contrast to the cool indifference of her husband, was as lively as it is possible for sympathy to be, under the influence of the chafest virtue.

PETRARCH

P E T R A R C H T O L A U R A,

A POETICAL EPISTLE.

FAR from the dear delusion of those eyes,
Whose soft'ning magic melts me into sighs,
While reason, trembling at resistless charms,
Steals to my heart, and guards it from alarms ;
Say, shall thy friend,—that name at least is mine,
And heav'n may sure allow it to be thine !—
Say, shall thy friend, thy PETRARCH, dare to prove
A kindred impulse of untainted love ?
From those dear lips the stern injunction came,
And love must yield to friendship's purer name.

Stretch'd on the bier, round which with many a sigh,
Distress has mus'd, and fix her streaming eye ;
When some lost wretch, by keen remembrance torn,
To death's cold mansions sees her lover borne,
Indulgent pity, with officious art,
Waits on her grief, and sooths her bleeding heart.
And shall my LAURA, gentlest of her kind !
My life's sole pride and mistress of my mind !

Whose

Whose blest idea's all the rest I know,
 My only care and happiness below !
 Shall she from others wipe the tear of grief,
 And PETRARCH only be deny'd relief?
 She ! at whose glance each gath'ring sorrow flies,
 Hope blooms afresh, and blank affliction dies !
 Ah, no ! that breast, for softness fram'd alone,
 Heaves with misfortune pity makes her own.

Smooth as thy bosom, tho' not half so fair !
 Serenely bright, and like thy virtue clear ;
 Without one noxious particle of heat,
 Health's purest spring, and every muse's seat,
 (For there Boccacé tunes his am'rous lay *,
 And azure nymphs to murm'rings echoes play,)
 Close to my walls, in dartless beauty, flows
 A silver stream, and courts me to repose.
 Soft are its banks, adorn'd with many a flow'r,
 And thickly shaded by the leafy bow'r.
 Emblem of sorrow's melancholy train,
 And far sequester'd from the noisy plain,

John de Certaldo, or John Boccacé, the celebrated author of the *Decameron*, &c. was Petrarch's particular friend.—They had each the same tastes, and the same aversions; the same ardent desire of knowledge, frankness, truth of mind, and tenderness of heart.'

My

My fav'rite willow waves above the tide
 His pendant boughs, in solitary pride :
 Peaceful he hangs, and silently reproves
 The boist'rous tumults of the man who loves.
 There too, thy † laurel stands the wintry storms,
 And, full of thee, my raptur'd fancy warms.
 Fix'd in this tranquil solitude at last,
 My wand'rings over, and my troubles past !
 Here let me learn to form each rising thought
 By those chaste principles thy virtue taught :
 Sooth'd by thy looks, and innocently free,
 With calm delight to join thy Lord and thee.

And yet--what means this more than friendship's heat ?
 Why starts my reason at the dear deceit ?
 Shall then no gentle palliative be found,
 No kind delusion to assuage my wound ?
 For ever then, with inward fire opprest,
 Must PETRARCH nurse the poison in his breast ?
 In secret wander to the bow'r of blifs,
 And long for charms that never must be his ?
 For ever then must fruitless pity prove
 The joyless substitute of mutual love ?

† Petrarch consecrated a favourite laurel tree in his garden at Vaucluse to the memory of Laura, and called it by her name.

How.

How lost, how foreign are its sounds to me,
 Whose only comfort is to gaze on thee !
 Still to those looks, dissatisfied, unblest,
 My wishes wander, and I sigh for rest.
 Like the benighted mariner, whose eye,
 Lost in the gloom of a tempestuous sky,
 Looks for a guiding star, and sadly steers,
 With doubtful anguish and oppressive fears ;
 My troubled soul, toss'd on the surge of life,
 With keen impatience views the giddy strife
 Of things below ; turns from ambition's plan,
 And, sick'ning, owns the wretchedness of man.

Ill-fated they ! whose souls congenial born,
 Are sway'd by int'rest, prejudice, or scorn ;
 In passive servitude, whose moments glide
 Through all the formal miseries of pride.
 How curs'd in sick'ning apathy to prove
 The wild excess of ill-requited love !
 Where shall that spotless happiness be won,
 Which makes our reason and our senses one ?
 Bids peace be more than momentary rest,
 And gives unclouded sunshine to the breast ?
 Turns from the dazzling magic that decays
 In pride's meridian, and in folly's rays,
 To calm reflection and innate desire,
 Raptures that charm, and joys that never tire ?

Yet

Yet thou my LAURA—for to charms like thine
 All nature bends, and sighs at virtue's shrine—
 Ne'er from ungrateful *Sade*, whom heav'n has blest
 With all that's beauteous, and with all that's best—
 Can thy pure bosom be condemn'd to know
 The pangs, the wretchedness of wedded woe !
 Still in domestic happiness approv'd,
 By all who know thee, honour'd and belov'd !
 Live to those tender ties, that sage decree
 Which heav'n has made, nor lose one thought on me.
 Ah think not—spotless as thou art, and pure—
 On one, whose illnes death can only cure !
 Far from thee sped, let all remembrance cease,
 And leave me wretched, to secure thy peace.

Heav'ns ! with what quick transfiguration do I move
 From friendship's limits to unbounded love !
 Soon from my heart the curtain drops away,
 And ev'ry feeling rushes into day.
 O state of inward misery complete,
 Where fruitless wishes and repentance meet !
 When heav'n just op'ning to my soul appears,
 And soft forgiv'nes glimmers thro' my tears :
 When kind contrition wears out ev'ry crime,
 And MERCY marks me on the leaf of time ;
 From rapt'rous ecstasy thy beauties tear
 Each soaring thought, and burst on every pray'r ;

That

That lov'd idea ev'ry scene dispels,
 And all my bosom into tumult swells,
 Earth and my LAURA, more inviting seem
 Than heav'n, tho' pictur'd by the bigot's dream :
 What are its mansions of eternal light,
 Seraphic sounds, or raptures of delight !
 What is the boasted plenitude of joy,
 Pleasures for ever new, that cannot cloy !
 If in the bright immeasurable round,
 I sigh for joys where only *thou* art found :
 How vain ! how joyless is that heav'n to me,
 Whose only pleasures are to gaze on thee !
 One look of kindness, such as those soft eyes
 With pity shed on sorrow's mournful sighs,—
 One tender found, that shames the list'ning spheres,—
 And which thy PETRARCH still in absence hears !—
 To this sad bosom more divinely feels,
 Than all the raptures PIETY reveals.

How oft, attemp'ring by discretion's frown
 The smiles of peace, I fondly thought my own,
 Hast thou, when fick'ning with my pain I sigh'd,
 By one kind look the stream of sorrow dry'd !
 Pierc'd to my inmost sense, and made me know
 The wide extremes of happiness and woe.
 For, ah ! no sooner was the gentle fire
 Of slumb'ring passion waken'd by desire ;

Scarce

Scarce had my heart the gleam of comfort caught
 That slowly brighten'd thro' the gloom of thought,
 Than you, no stranger to the human breast,
 With stern severity my looks represt.
 Was then your glove* too much for years of pain ?
 Was virtue kept more spotless by disdain ?
 Back to my wonted wretchedness I move,
 And pity those whom heav'n has doom'd to love ;
 Pensive from thee to melancholy turn,
 While anguish murmurs as I inly mourn :
 ' Sit in severest judgment on my fate,
 ' Thy blame may reach me, but thou can'st not hate.'

How often, visited by gleams of peace,
 When study sooth'd me with imperfect ease,
 Lost in some learned bus'ness of the brain,
 Has fancy led me from my bosom's pain ;
 Kindly delusive charm'd me to repose,
 And lull'd to rest the tumult of my woes.
 Big with each little plan ambition frames,
 The glare of titles, and the noise of names !
 I've trod the slipp'ry paths of gay renown,
 And fame has call'd me to the laurell'd crown.

* Laura happening to drop her glove at a public assembly, Petrarch wished to keep it, but was harshly repulsed.

Heav'n knows, how careless of each honour paid,
 My bosom ficken'd at the gay parade;
 When princes crowded in my envy'd train,
 And monarchs yielded to the Muse's reign;
 Still on each scene thy lov'd idea stole,—
 Still did I feel thee wanting to the whole.
 In vain the laurel, with encircling bough,
 Twines its triumphant honours round my brow,
 Or Rome re-echoes to my boasted name *:
 If LAURA's absent, what is PETRARCH's fame?
 How lost,—how fruitless are its charms to me,
 Whose only comfort is to gaze on thee.

Call me—which ever sooths my LAURA's breast—
 Thy lord's acquaintance and his studious guest :
 Call me thy bard, instructor or thy friend ;
 All in one softer character must end.
 Thus for a time, the boist'rous tempests cease,
 And leave the skies in momentary peace ;
 A death-like stillness to the storm succeeds,
 And scarce a murmur's whisper'd thro' the reeds:
 'Till with redoubled violence, it shakes
 The bending pines, and all its fury wakes.
 Aw'd by no ties, and stranger to controul,
 I feel the tyrant trespass on my foul ;

* Petrarch was publicly crowned in the Capitol at Rome.

Soon does each kind illusion melt away,
 And ev'ry feeling's conscious of his sway.
 Rapt into scenes, that never must be mine,
 Heart-piercing thought ! and never can be thine !
 I yield unbounded to my sleepless ill,
 And add to passion, all the pow'r of will.
 'Is there no law,—exhausted with its woe,'
 Exclaims my heart, while streams of sorrow flow,
 And bounteous nature from my wither'd brain,
 Lends a kind drop to cool its burning pain ;
 'Is there no law, which pitying heav'n allows
 To lovers, conscious of each others vows ?
 'In wedded bondage must the bosom pine,
 And *custom* keep what nature would resign ?'

O curs'd seduction of each virtuous sense,
 When fancy, flatter'd by the dear offence,
 Dwells on each charm, in spite of ev'ry tie,
 'Till fiction gives what heav'n and you deny !
 Sooth'd into rest, my heavy eye-lids close,
 And fancy'd joys succeed to real woes.
 Then do I clasp thee, trembling in my arms,
 Shook by tumultuous raptures and alarms ;
 Yielding to bliss, my beauteous Laura lies,
 With beating bosom and expiring eyes.
 Love on all fides, his purple pinion shakes,
 Fans the soft flame, and every feeling wakes ;

While

While urg'd by all that fancy can be blest,
 With keen delight I snatch thee to my breast :
 A thrilling transport shoots in ev'ry vein,
 And madd'ning passion throws the willing rein.
 Inspir'd by raptures that can never cloy,
 And lost in mutual agonies of joy,
 Trembling I wander, o'er thy angel frame,
 And hear, and see thee, look and sigh the same.
 In gath'ring tumult fresh endearments rise,
 Float on each word, and languish in our eyes ;
 Lip seal'd to lip, and murmur'ring breath to breath,*
 Entranc'd we sink in momentary death :
 'Till wasted nature, vanquish'd by the strife,
 Throbs in each vein, and grasps returning life ;
 Then from the dear extatic pleasure springs,
 " And sighs, and looks unutterable things ! † "

Ah ! tell me, Laura—long injur'd to weep,
 When captive grief has lost its tears in sleep,
 Springs not the soul on fancy's airy plume,
 Beyond the narrow precincts of the tomb ?

* Petrarch's passion, which was certainly somewhat stronger than mere Platonic affection, frequently led him into the wildest excesses ; but his secession from virtue was never of long duration.

† Although this line is to be found in Thomson's Seasons, I must in justice to myself declare, that when I wrote the above passage, I had not read that pleasing production.

While peace invites her to that bourn at last,
 Where joy commences, and each sorrow's past.
 Ah, tell me too, when conscious of the cheat,
 Awaken'd reason startles at deceit,
 Is not the wretch to more than madness fir'd,
 Each pain redoubled and each bliss desir'd ?
 Too well this heart, the bitter truth avows,
 When conscience tears me from its guilty vows ;
 And heav'n, or chance, the treach'rous dream destroys,
 While virtue shudders at illicit joys.
 Wretch that I am, to taint thy spotless ear
 With guilty sounds, which honour should not hear :
 More wretched still, to bid thy breast afford
 One rebel wish, that tears thee from thy lord.
 Is this the vaunted purity I draw
 From beauty, led by virtue's purest law ?
 Are these the precepts so divinely taught
 By those chaste eyes, and innocence of thought ?

Sad fatal morn ! on which devotion drew
 My early steps, and heav'n invited you ;
 When echoing matins fill'd the sacred dome,
 And rapture mingled with a world to come.
 O time for ever dear, tho' mark'd by woe,
 Afflictive source of ev'ry grief I know !
 Then, void of care, on active wing I sprung,
 Lov'd by the old, and honour'd by the young ;
 Warm'd by those hopes, which gay ambition feeds,
 And spurr'd by nature to the noblest deeds ;

C

While

While partial Phœbus touch'd my chosen lyre
 With more than common elegance and fire ;
 Thy PETRARCH then—how lost ! how wretched now !
 Stepp'd into life with pleasure's cheerful brow :
 Smooth and unsullied every moment ran,
 And reason mingled in the joys of Man.
 Without one care or sorrow, to destroy
 The flatt'ring tenour of unfading joy.
 New pleasures rose, at ev'ry step I took :
 What comfort vanish'd in one fatal look !

From one soft glance of those seducing eyes,
 What hopes have yielded to continu'd sighs !
 Mark'd is that brow, where once no trace was known,
 My looks are languid, and my vigour's gone ;
 On ev'ry feature sad affliction's seen,
 And melancholy shades my pensive mien.
 In vain to books and solitude I fly,
 Or search thro' nature with enquiring eye ;
 In ev'ry flow'r, that heav'nly bloom I see,
 At ev'ry line, my wishes spring to thee.
 Read what I please, remembrance, still I find,
 Breathes in each page, and holds thee to my mind.
 Oh why—too gentle for the tyrant's part—
 Since heav'n has made thee mistress of my heart,
 Why should'st thou wave the rod of hard controul,
 And raise such tumults in my vanquish'd soul ?
 Let kindness clear me, and I'll hug my chains,
 Nor wish for liberty while LAURA reigns :

In ev'ry pulse thy soft dominion own,
 Each sense thy subject, and my heart thy throne.
 Vain hopes ! whose falsehoods ev'ry prospect shade,
 For LAURA flights the conquest she has made.

Close to Vaucluse,* and neighb'ring on my cot,
 Romantic nature spreads a friendly grot.
 Beyond the reach of tumult's bustling crew,
 By rocks o'erhung, and perilous to view ;
 Dark as my soul, the dismal hollow lies,
 Disjoyn'd from earth, and stranger to the skies ;
 For not a ray can pierce the gloomy round :
 There echo rests, nor wakes to human sound.
 The whistling winds, that tear the skirted sky,
 Here lose their rage, and into murmurs die ;
 While Sorgia's rills in trickling horrour creep,
 And kindly prompt my aking eyes to weep.
 Down my wan cheek the tear of anguish flows,
 And lends a mournful respite to my woes.
 There may'ft thou view, what havoc charms, like thine,
 Incessant make, and add one sigh to mine :

* Vaucluse is a delightful romantic spot, situate in the neighbourhood of Avignon, and facing the Mediterranean. It is surrounded on all sides by a stupendous chain of rocks in the form of a horse-shoe. At the foot of one of those enormous cliffs, you behold a prodigious cavern hollowed by the hand of nature. A fountain rises in the middle, and forms the river Sorgia.

Nor could'ft thou, callous to the tend'rest flame,
 See pain and sickness waste a lover's frame,
 And not to relieve the tortures of despair
 By one kind look—perhaps by one soft tear.
 There, in successive agonies, I prove
 Reflection's horrors, and the pangs of love.
 Vain is each hope, foreboding reason cries ;
 Vain are thy tears and more than human sighs.
 Rous'd by distress, I soar to op'ning heav'n,
 Plead for each crime, and find each crime forgiv'n :
 Conviction beams, and arm'd in ev'ry part,
 I rise to tear thee from my struggling heart.
 Deluded wretch ! no sooner am I spread,
 Worn down by thought, on mournful sorrow's bed ;
 Scarce are my senses lull'd to broken rest,
 And thy lov'd image wav'ring from my breast,
 Than, with resistless magic, o'er the whole
 Thy beauty streams, and fascinates my soul.
 In that kind hour, when all, save Petrarch, know
 A calm suspense from wretchedness and woe ;
 Thrice have I known thee pierce the night's still reign ;
 Thrice have I heard thee claim thy slaye again.
 A conscious tremour every sense disarms ;
 I hear ! I see thee burst in all thy charms.
 Rob'd as thou wert on that ill-fated day,
 When ev'ry wish was yielded to thy sway,
 With steadfast look and dignity divine,
 On ev'ry side I feel, I see thee shine.

‘ Turn

‘ Turn—did’st thou say—ungrateful wretch ! and see
 ‘ The slighted friend, whose cares are all for thee.
 ‘ Ingrate ! unkind ! thy Laura to disown,
 ‘ Because her breast is purer than thy own.
 ‘ Is there no realm, beyond this mortal spot,*
 ‘ Where lovers meet, and ev’ry pain’s forgot?
 Heav’ns ! with what inward anguish did I start,
 What searching chillness shook my troubled heart,
 ’Till, cold as marble, or the ling’ring breath
 That feebly flutters on the lip of death,

* I have extracted this note from the Memoirs to which I am so much indebted. ‘ Petrarch retired to this delightful spot, to cure himself of his passion, and indulge his taste for letters, but in vain..
 (The author means Vaucluse.)

‘ I may hide myself,’ says he, ‘ among the rocks and in the woods,
 ‘ but there are no places so wild or solitary whither the torments of
 ‘ love do not pursue me.
 ‘ Thrice in that dark and lonely hour when nought but ghastly shades
 ‘ is seen or heard, Laura, with stedfast look, approached my bed
 ‘ and claimed her slave. My limbs were frozen with fear ; my
 ‘ blood fled from my veins, and rushed upon my heart. Tremb-
 ‘ ling I rose ere morn, and left a house where all I saw alarmed
 ‘ me. I climbed the rocks ; I ran into the woods ; watching with
 ‘ fearful eyes this dreadful vision : I may not be believed, but still
 ‘ it followed ;—here I perceived it starting from a tree—there ri-
 ‘ sing from a fountain—now it descended from the rocks, or floated
 ‘ on the clouds. Surrounded thus, I stood transfixed with horrour !’
 This description alone is sufficient to vindicate my opinion of Pe-
 tarch’s passion.

Congeal'd I lay, tumultuous terrour o'er,
 Gaz'd on thy face and throbb'd at ev'ry pore.
 Guilt stalks around, and stings my tortur'd ear,
 While conscience adds to ev'ry sound I hear,
 Led by despair, and heedless of my doom,
 Restles I rise, and pierce the midnight gloom ;
 Up the steep rock with madd'ning anguish fly,
 Wrapp'd in the thickest ho:hours of the sky ;
 Along the ridge, aghast and sad, I move,
 Or try to shun thee in the deepest grove.

How vain each struggling effort of my breast !
 On ev'ry scene thy image stands imprest,
 I hear ! I see thee, spite of rocks and trees,
 Float on the cloud, and whisper in the breeze ;
 Beam from the brownest shadows of the wood,
 Shake in each branch, and murmur in each flood.

Lost in some awful solitary shade,
 A thousand fears oppress the timid maid.
 On ev'ry wind some gliding spectre moves,
 Or ruffian issues from the neighb'ring groves ;
 Trembling she treads, and starts at ev'ry sound,
 When gath'ring darkness veils the meadows round.
 Forward each look's solicitously cast,
 Nor dares reflection venture on the past.

Transfix'd

Transfix'd, she stops at ev'ry lane to come,
 Then darts, in scar'd precipitancy, home.
 There end her fears, contentment beams anew,
 And gladness springs from ev'ry pain she knew.
 Not so thy PETRARCH ; torn on ev'ry fide,
 By fruitless hopes of comfort still deny'd ;
 At ev'ry step surrounding sorrows flow,
 Recall the past, and wake some future woe.
 Pensive I move to all I left behind,
 With aching bosom and a wasted mind.
 Complaints succeed to melancholy grief,
 I call thee *barb'rous*, and I feel relief.
 Alas ! how weak ! how transient does it prove ?
 One thought subdues me to the gentlest love.
 For ah!—though rapid as the ray that flies
 In awful tumult o'er the darken'd skies—
 Delusion brightens on my clouded heart,
 And flatt'ring sighs—‘ thy LAURA shares a part ?’
 Back on my soul each giddy transport turns,
 I think thee *gent'le*, and my bosom burns.
 Again I view thee in thy blaze of charms,
 My senses madden, and my soul's in arms.
 'Tis then—for fiction ne'er can paint it so—
 Our wishes meet, and both united glow.
 Ah ! does remembrance wake the tender sigh,
 Spring from thy breast, and prompt thy gazing eye :

If,

If, in that hour, when sorrow loves to muse,
A soft idea wanders to Vaucluse ?
Does one kind wish, congenial to my own,
Steal from the sick'ring grandeur of the town,
And sweetly beam on this deserted spot,
While all, but love and PETRARCH, is forgot ?
Ah dost thou, LAURA, echoing sighs to mine,
Feel in each sense that PETRARCH *should* be thine ?
Recall thy vows, in wish'd-for freedom move,
And mix with marriage all the sweets of love ?
Seducing dream ! once more to madness wrought,
My hungry senses snatch the pleasing thought :
Once more I leave my solitary bow'rs,
And see thee beckon from Avignon's tow'rs ;
With hasty step and keen aspiring eye,
Quick to those fatal well-known walls I fly :
Talk to each gale, and in each murmur hear
A sigh, that calls me to thy partial ear.
So the deserted bird, whose mates are flown,
Floats in the void of elements unknown ;
While angry waves in tumult roar below,
And boist'rous winds from ev'ry quarter blow ;
At last he sees a friendly sail appear,
And drops, unconscious of a danger there.*

How

* The following account which Petrarch gives of himself and of Laura's behaviour will easily prove the agitated state of his mind.—

‘ As soon as I appear, you turn your eyes away ; you recline your

head ;

How beats my heart, what varying passions rise,
 That fondly cheat me into future sighs,
 When near the spot, where all my wishes rest,
 With flutt'ring pulse, quick step, and throbbing breast !
 Madd'ning I tread, till all united meet,
 And transport throws me trembling at thy feet.
 Chain'd to those knees, in vain you cry—forbear !
 Dim are my eyes and deaf my love-sick ear ;
 With quiv'ring lip, from hand to hand I rove,
 And sighs proclaim how much—how well I love.
 O precious interval, when silence shows
 The mutual tenderness that inly glows !
 Touch'd by those sighs, my anguish and my tears,
 Compassion melts to ev'ry sound she hears :
 Nor can'st thou burst from PETRARCH's longing arms,
 'Till spotless virtue fills thee with alarms.
 Still on my ear the pious accents dwell,
 Which heav'n inspir'd, and eloquently fell
 From those dear lips, when, to thyself restor'd,
 Discretion spoke, and PETRARCH bless'd each word.

' head ; and your countenance is troubled. *Alas ! I perceive you suffer.* O Laura, why these cruel manners ! Could you tear ' yourself from a heart where you have taken such deep root, I ' should commend your severity; in a barren and uncultivated soil ' the plant that languishes requires a kinder sun ; but you must for ' ever live in my heart. Since then it is your destiny, render your ' situation less disagreeable.'

• I am

' I am not,' said'ſt thou, tremulouſly faint,
 ' The wretch you think me, and your paſſions paint.
 ' If PETRARCH loves, ah ! let his flame aſpire
 ' Beyond low-thoughted paſſion and deſire :
 ' Free from each earth-born particle of clay,
 ' The virtuous love in heav'n's eternal day.
 ' In humble hope, then let us jointly riſe
 ' From lawleſs wiſhes, and repen‐tant ſighs.
 ' Yet, O forbear, to make this bosom feel
 ' One wiſh, that innocence dares not reveal.'
 Abaſh'd I riſe, and ſtartling at the view
 Of conſcious guilt, just catch a laſt adieu :
 Back to Vaucluse my wretched footſteps bear,
 And turn, alternately, to love and pray'r.
 Fix'd on the dear reſemblance of that face*—
 ' Those eyes, sweet manfions of each soft'ning grace !
 Lips that can shame the roſe-bud in its prime,
 And forehead, whiter than the lock of Time !
 Convulſ'd I stand, 'till touch'd by heav'n and you,
 Each ſenſe is quell'd, and virtue blooṁs anew.

* Petrarch had a ſmall picture of Laura, which was drawn by one Simon Martin, a pupil of Giotto, who was patronized by Bene‐dict XII. ' She appears, according to a copy yet at Avignon, (ſay ' the Memoirs) dressed in red, holding a flower in her hand, with a ſweet and moideſt countenance, rather inclined to tenderness.'

Embow'ring

Embow'ring shades ! ye rocks and murmur'ring floods,
 Sequester'd vales and solitary woods !
 Scenes where my soul, subdu'd by love and grief,
 In ev'ry black idea found relief :
 And thou, sad cave, receptacle of sighs,
 Whose mournful echoes oft have borne my cries !
 To ev'ry shade it's stillness I restore,
 And lose in piety the woes I bore.

Yet thou, my guardian, advocate and friend !
 Still on my steps with gentlest care attend ;
 Lead to those realms, where free from earth's alarms,
 New-born and spotless, in celestial charms —
 We both may rise, still loving and belov'd,
 From all the miseries each other prov'd.
 And if—for heav'n all conscious of thy worth,
 Will cease to want thee for ungrateful Earth, —
 If thou, my LAURA—spotless as thou art,
 An angel's figure, and an angel's heart !
 By virtue wafted, should'st in triumph rise,
 And leave thy PETRARCH exil'd to his sighs,
 Let, in thy gen'rous pleading for us all,
 On me one look of separate pity fall :
 And, oh remember ! that it once was thine
 To raise my wishes, and my thoughts refine :
 To point, were saints in trembling hope have trod,
 And trust, like you, my SAVIOUR and my GOD.

C O N-

C O N C L U S I O N.

I CANNOT take leave of my indulgent reader without first satisfying a curiosity, which I should myself experience on a like occasion : It is, however, with the utmost deference to inquisitive knowledge. Neither can it prove superfluous to trespass upon the Public by extracting from PETRARCH's Memoirs a brief account of LAURA's death.

' In the year 1348, about the month of January,
 ' a dreadful plague broke out at Avignon, which shewed
 ' ed itself by a continual fever, with spitting of blood;
 ' and those whom it seized died generally on, or at the
 ' end of the third day. It was most violent in Lent;
 ' so that in the three days which preceded the fourth
 ' Sunday in Lent, there died at Avignon fourteen hun-
 ' dred persons ; and if we may believe an historian of
 ' that time, this calamity carried off in that city only,
 ' in the space of three months, a hundred and twenty
 ' thousand souls. LAURA felt the first attacks of it,
 ' the 3d of April : she had the fever, with spitting of
 ' blood. As she was persuaded she could not live above
 ' the third day, she took the methods her piety and
 ' reason suggested to be immediately necessary. LAURA,
 ' seated on her bed, appeared quite tranquil, no hideous

‘ and threatening phantoms had power over her divine
 ‘ soul. Her companions who stood round her, wept
 ‘ and sobbed aloud. It is a singular circumstance,’ ob-
 serves the writer of these memoirs, ‘ that so beautiful
 ‘ a person should be so beloved by her own sex. No-
 ‘ thing can be a higher eulogy on her character.—
 ‘ Her soul departed gently, without a struggle. She had
 ‘ the air of a weary person who flumbers, and death had
 ‘ penetrated through all her veins, without disturbing
 ‘ the serenity of her countenance. She died about six
 ‘ in the morning, on the 6th of April, 1348. The
 ‘ body of LAURA was found in the chapé de la Croix,
 ‘ with an Italian sonnet of PETRARCH’s, in the year
 ‘ 1533 ; and it was then proved that the Laura of
 ‘ Petrarch, which some took it into their heads to
 ‘ doubt, was the same with Laura de Noves, wife
 ‘ of Hugues de Sade. PETRARCH adds, LAURA,
 ‘ illustrated by her own virtues, and long celebrated in
 ‘ my verses, appeared to my eyes for the first time the
 ‘ sixth of April, 1327, at Avignon, in the church of
 St. Claire, at the first hour of the day : I was then in
 my youth. In the same city, on the same day, and at
 the same hour, in the year 1348, this luminary dis-
 appeared from our world. I was then at Verona,
 ignorant of my wretched situation.’

It should not, however, be forgotten, that before
 PETRARCH’s acquaintance with LAURA, he had

been particularly attached to another woman ; the issue of which connexion was a son, who afterwards proved to our unfortunate lover a source of affliction. In this he shared the fate of his beloved LAURA, who was doomed to see the tenderest care thrown away upon a dissolute son and daughter.

With respect to PETRARCH, after having led the life of a wanderer, to whom the sweets of a kind and cheerful home are unknown and un hoped for, to alleviate the toils of life, and the distresses of humanity, he finally departed this life at Venice. He had long been afflicted by a fever, which undermined him very sensibly ; and languished through a tedious disorder, expiring by inches. He was found dead in his library, July 18, 1374, with one arm leaning on a book. His tender and ardent passion for LAURA had entirely unsettled him for twenty years, and produced a restlessness in his mind (not formed perhaps by nature in the calmest mould) through every succeeding period of life. From youth to manhood, he was a prey to the keenest sensibility : from manhood to old age, he was struggling to recover a calm and virtuous state of soul.

A C O N T I U S

• •

C Y D I P P E.

A C O N T I U S to C Y D I P P É.

A R G U M E N T.

A C O N T I U S happening to visit the Temple of Diana, which is situated on the Island of Delos, in the Ægean Sea, and is the most celebrated of the Cyclades, became violently enamoured with Cydippé, a young lady of illustrious descent: who, together with a number of other virgins, was at the customary performance of Diana's Rites. Not daring to pay his addresses openly, on account of their disparity of birth and rank, he conceived a new species of amorous fraud, and wrote on the rind of a beautiful apple the two following lines:

Juro tibi sanè per mystica sacra Dianæ,
Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamque futuram.

By Delia's worship, and at Delia's shrine,
To thee my heart I willingly resign :
In all the changes of uncertain life,
Thy fond companion, and thy tender wife !

This apple he artfully threw at Cydippé's feet: which having been imprudently taken up by her, she became instantly

stantly engaged to Acontius : for it was an established law among the Antients, that whatever words were uttered or read in the Temple of the Delian-Diana, should be binding. Accordingly, when her father, who was ignorant of what had passed between his daughter and Acontius, some little time after promised her in marriage to another, she fell suddenly ill of a violent fever. Acontius, in this Epistle, very artfully endeavours to persuade Cydippé, that it was a punishment inflicted by Diana, for neglecting the vows she had made at her shrine.

ACONTIUS

A C O N T I U S C Y D I P P A E.

*Accipe, Cydippè, despici nomen Aconti
Illiū in pomo qui tibi verba dedit.*

PONE metum: nihil hic iterum jurabis amanti:

Promissam satis est te semel esse mihi.

Perlege: discedat sic corpore languor in isto;

Qui meus est uilâ parte dolente, dolor.

Quid pudor ora subit? nam, sicut in æde Dianæ,

Suspicio ingenuas erubuisse genas.

Conjugium, pactamque fidem: non crimina posco:

Debitus ut conjux, non ut adulter' amo.

Verba licet repetas, quæ demptus ab arbore fætus

Pertulit ad castas, me jaciente, manus.

Invenies illic id te spondere quod opto,

Ni tibi cum verbis excidit illa fides.

A C O N T I U S T O C Y D I P P É.

*Accipe, Cydippé, despæti nomen Aconti
Illius in pomo qui tibi verba dedit.*

THINK not Cydippé—plighted as thou art—
Fresh vows are wanted to secure thy heart.
Read: and may health its op'ning lustre throw
On ev'ry charm, and sooth a lover's woe.
Yet why in blushing diffidence withdraw,
Averse to Hymen, and his dearest law?
Touch'd! as when kindly witnessing my flame,
Diana fill'd thee with ingenuous shame.
I come not, madd'ning with adul'trous fires,
Unlawful wishes, or corrupt desires:
The right that heav'n to nuptial truth allows,
I claim, in holy consciousness of vows.
What, fondly charg'd! the faithful apple bore,
Again peruse, and meditate once more;
Affection's tribute, and its soft demands!
By me directed to those spotless hands.
There wilt thou find—tho' ev'ry word be lost—
Cydippé's promise, and the wish I boast.
Unless—which Heav'n avert! with words should die
The fond confession of a mutual sigh?

Consent

Id metui, ut divæ diffusa est ira, decebat
 Te potius, Virgo, quam meminisse deam.
 Nunc quoque idem timeo : sed idem tamen acrius illud
 Assumpfit vires ; auctaque flamma morâ est.
 Quique fuit nunquam parvus, nunc, tempore longo,
 Et spe, quam dederas tu mihi, crescit amor.
 Spem mihi tu dederas: meus hic tibi credidit ardor,
 Non potes hoc factum teste negare Deâ.
 “ Me tibi nupturam,” felix ait omen, “ Aconti,
 “ Juro, quam colimus, numina magna Deæ.”
 Adfuit; et præsens ut erat, tua verba notavit,
 Et visa est motâ dicta tulisse comâ.

Deceptam dicas nostrâ te fraude licebit :
 Dum fraudis nostræ causa feratur amor.
 Fraus mea quid petiit nisi uti tibi jungerer uni ?
 Id me, quod quereris, conciliare potest.
 Non ego naturâ, nec sum tam callidus usu :
 Solerterem tu me, crede, puella facis.
 Te mihi compositis, si quid tamen egimus, à me
 Adstrinxit verbis ingeniosus amor.
 Dictatis ab eo feci sponsalia verbis :
 Consultoque fui juris amore vafer.

Consent had better from your yielding mind
 In softness murmur, eloquently kind !
 Than angry Delia should avenge her cause,
 Or truth remind you of its flighted laws.
 I dread the last, but more the former woe,
 Suspect your faith, and into madness grow.
 Love, strong in hope, with time new vigour gains,
 And, once scarce limited, unbounded reigns.
You gave that hope, on *that* my passion grew,
 What Delia witness'd must be own'd by you.
 "By *her* I worship, I'll become the bride
 "Of lov'd Acontius !" the kind omen cry'd !
 Each word recording, with propitious air
 The goddess heard, and shook her flowing hair.

Say that your heart too easily was caught
 By prosp'rous fraud ; yet love inspir'd the thought.
 'Tis *he* must answer for the snare you blame,
 Since *you* were all its object and its aim.
 By nature frank, and ready to believe,
 'Twas you, my charmer ! taught me to deceive.
 Ingenious arts those sparkling eyes inspir'd :
 I only coveted what love desir'd.
 If aught were wanting to secure my claim,
 The lines you read can ratify the same.
 As love directed, I the contract dreft,
 His humble slave, and copier at best.

Si fraus huic nomen facto ; dicarque dolosus,
 (Si tamen est, quod ames, velle tenere dolus).
 En iterum scribo, mittoque rogantia verba,
 Altera fraus hæc est : quodque queraris habes.
 Si noceo quod amo, fateor sine fine nocebo ;
 Teque petam : caveas tu licet ipsa peti.
 Per gladios alii placitas rapuère puellas :
 Scripta mihi cautè littera crimen erit ?
 Dii faciant, possim plures imponere nodos !
 Ut tua sit nullâ libera parte fides.
 Mille doli restant : clivo sudamus in imo :
 Ardor inexpertum nîl finet esse meus.
 Sit dubium possisne capi ; captabere certè ;
 Exitus in dis est : sed capière tamen:
 Ut paitem effugias, non omnia retia falles :
 Quæ tibi quam credis plura tetendit amor.
 Si non proficient artes, veniemus ad arma ;
 Inque tui Cupido rapta ferêre finu.

 Non sum qui soleam Paridis reprehendere factum :
 Nec quenquam, qui, vir possit ut esse, fuit.

This may be fraud, and I deceitful too—
 (If that's deceit which keeps our bliss in view,
 As nature dictates innocently moves,
 And fondly meditates the prize it loves)
 E'en now you'll blame me for this suppliant strain,
 This other fraud, and subject to complain.
 If sighs distress you, you'll for ever prove
 The keen pursuit of unremitting love.
 Some gain the fair amid the clash of swords :
 Is it a crime to try persuasive words ?
 May heav'n so bind you with its sacred chain,
 That not a wish in liberty remain !
 Still in reserve a thousand arts I find,
 And none too arduous for my daring mind.
 Though doubt and strange vicissitude attend
 The dear attempt—for heav'n has mark'd its end—
 Yet in my snares you soon or late must fall ;
 If some should fail, you cannot shun them all.
 And more, believe me, are the well-laid schemes
 Of artful Cupid, than Cydippé dreams.
 If cunning fail, to violence I'll move,
 And bear thee, trembling, on the breast of love.

No more I blame, as formerly I us'd,
 The wily Trojan and the bride seduc'd ;
 What Paris dar'd, was but a manly deed .
 Nor is it shameful to be bold in need.

E'en

Nos quoque : sed taceo ; mors hujus pæna rapinæ,
 Ut sit, erit, quam te non habuisse minor.
 Aut essem formosa minùs, peterêre modestè :
 Audaces facie cogimur esse tuâ.
 Tu facis hoc, oculique tui ; quibus ignea cedunt
 Sydera ; qui flammæ causa fuere meæ.
 Hoc flavi faciunt crines, et eburnea cervix ;
 Quæque precor veniant in mea colla manus.
 Et decor et vultus sine rusticitate pudentes :
 Et Thetida quales vix rear esse pedes.
 Cætera si possem laudare beatior essem ;
 Nec dubito, totum quin sibi par sit opus.

Hâc ego compulsus, non est mirabile, formâ,
 Si pignus volui vocis habere tuæ.
 Denique dum captam tu te cogare fateri,
 Infidiis esto capta puella meis.
 Invidiam patiar : passo sua præmia dentur,
 Cur suus a tanto crimine fructus abest ?
 Hesionen Telamon, Briseïda cepit Achilles :
 Utraque viñtorem viñta secuta suum.

Quam-

E'en I—discretion cannot speak the rest—
 'Tis death to ravish—but to die were best,
 Than *thus* to live!—be less to Venus dear,
 And modest sighs shall murmur on your ear.
 For while such charms enraptur'd I behold,
 Their very beauties force me to be bold.
 This to yourself I owe, and those dear eyes,
 Than stars more bright, and cause of all my sighs.
 This to that neck, as polish'd iv'ry fair!
 Those wish'd for circling arms, and auburn hair:
 This to that kind insinuating grace,
 And chaste politeness bright'ning on your face!
 This to your snowy feet, which scarce can be
 By Thetis equall'd in her native sea.
 Ah, happier much! and more than doubly blest,
 Where all is perfect—could I praise the rest.

Urg'd by those charms, no wonder if I strove
 To gain your promise, and secure my love.
 Equal to me, (provided you allow
 The dear success) if cunning stole the vow.
 Your rage I'll bear, but with it sweetly take
 The joys that make me passive for their sake.
 Ah why—the venture and the crime so great!
 Should you refuse me what your charms create?
 Undaunted Telamon soft Hesio won,
 And fair Brisëis turn'd to Peleus' son.
 Cheerful they yielded to the youths who dar'd
 Each danger conquer, and their conquests shar'd.

Quamlibet accuses, et sis irata licebit :
Iratâ liceat dum mihi posse frui :
Iidem qui facimus, factam tenuabimus iram :
Copia placandi fit modo parva tui.
Ante tuos flentem liceat confistere vultus ;
Et liceat lachrymis addere verba meis.
Utque solent famuli, cum verbera sæva verentur,
Tendere submissas ad tua crura manus.
Ignoras tua jura, voca : cur arguor absens ?
Jamdudum Dominæ more venire jube.
Ipsa meos scindas licet imperiosa capillos,
Oraque fint digitis livida facta tuis.
Omnia perpetiar : tantum fortasse timebo,
Corpore lædatur ne manus ista meo.

Sed neque compedibus, nec me compesce catenis :
Servabor firmo vincitus amore tui.
Cum benè se, quantumque volet, satiaverit ira :
Ipsa tibi dices, Quam patienter amat !
Ipsa tibi dices, cum videris omnia ferre,
Tam benè qui servit, serviat iste mihi.
Cur reus infelix absens agor ? et mea, cum sit
Optima, non ullo, causa, tuente perit ?

Accuse, condemn me for this rash design,
 I'll court your anger if it makes you mine.
 Yield but the tender liberty to plead,
 Your rage to soften and explain the deed.
 Let me, at least, in tears before you lie,
 And with my tears the pow'r of language try !
 Let me, like slaves, whose backs the lash have borne,
 Hold up my hands, and as a suppliant mourn.
 Assert your pow'r, command me to appear,
 And sit in judgment with a sov'reign's ear.
 Enjoin'd by you, each punishment I'll bear,
 Struck be my face, and torn my scatter'd hair !
 Your very blows in tenderness I'll take,
 And only tremble for the giver's sake.

Bound by desire, and rivetted to love,
 What pow'r, Cydippé, can your slave remove ?
 No force is wanting where the soul remains,
 Captive I stand, and court my willing chains.
 Yet when your soul her last resentment proves,
 Say to yourself—*How patiently he loves !*
 Say, when the penfive criminal you see,
A slave so gentle, shall be slave to me !
 Ah wretch ! in painful absence to behold
 My cause neglected, and my tale untold.

Hoc quod amor jussit, scriptum, est injuria nostra,
 Quod de me solo nempè queraris habes.
 Non meruit falli mecum quoque Delia : si non
 Vis mihi promissum reddere, redde Deæ.
 Adfuit et vidit cum tu decepta rubebas :
 Et vocem memori condidit aure tuam.
 Omina re careant ; nihil est violentius illà,
 Cum sua, quod nolim, numina læsa videt.
 (Testis erit Calydonis aper : nam scimus ut illa
 Sit magis in natum sœva reperta parens.)
 Testis et Aëtæon, quondam fera creditus illis,
 Ipse dedit letho cum quibus antè feras.
 Quaque superba parens, faxo per corpore oborto,
 Nunc quoque Mygdomiâ flebilis adftat humo.

 Hei mihi, Cydippè, timeo tibi dicere verum ;
 Ne videar causâ falsâ monêre meâ.
 Dicendum tamen est : hoc est mihi crede, quod ægra,
 Ipso nubendi tempore sœpe jaces.
 Consulit ipsa tibi ; neu sis perjura laborat :
 Et salvam salvâ te cupit esse fide.

Inde

Let me, the conscious messenger of Love,
 Thy bosom's anger and its vengeance prove;
 Of me alone thou justly can't complain,
 Cause of each tear, and source of ev'ry pain!
 Yet give Diana what's deny'd to me;
 The Goddess should not be deceiv'd by thee.
 She saw thee redden at the dear deceit,
 She heard thy lips the sacred words repeat.
 May heav'n secure thee from the vengeful ire
 That omens mark, and perjuries inspire.
 The murder'd offspring and its savage dame*,
 Actæon, chang'd in nature and in name,†
 And haughty Niobè, whose form remains,
 A senseless column on the Lydian plains,
 The sad remembrance of her vengeance show,
 And bid thee shun similitude of woe.
 O state of inward agony, to prove
 Doubt's restless anguish from the maid we love!
 See bleak suspicion on each op'ning flow'r
 Of cheering hope, ungenerously low'r.
 Hence ev'ry grief that bids thy bosom pine,
 Whene'er thou fly'st, and heav'n would make thee mine,
 Diana warns you, and with anxious fear,
 Strives with your health to keep your honour clear.

* Althæa, the mother of Meleager, who was the cause of his death, in consequence of Diana's rites having been slighted by her.

† Actæon, for having imprudently glanced at Diana whilst she was bathing, was suddenly metamorphosed into a Stag, and being pursued by his own dogs, was torn to pieces.

Inde fit ut quoties existere perfida tentas,
 Peccatum toties corrigit illa tuum.
Parce movere feros animosæ virginis arcus
 Mitis adhuc fieri, si patiare, potest.
Parce precor teneros corrumpere febribus artus :
 Servetur facies ista fruenda mihi.
Serventur vultus ad nostra incendia nati :
 Quisque subest niveo latus in ore rubor.

Hostibus è si quis, ne fias nostra, laborat,
 Sic sit, ut invalidâ te, solet esse mihi.
Torqueor ex æquo, vel te nubente vel ægrâ ;
 Dicere nec possum, quod minus ipse velim.
Maceror interdum, quod sim tibi causa dolendi :
 Teque meâ lædi calliditate puto.
In caput hæc nostrum dominæ perjuria, quæso,
 Eveniant : pænâ tuta sit illa meâ.

Ne tamen ignorem quid agas ; ad limina crebrò
 Anxius huc illuc dissimulanter eo.
Subsequor ancillam furtim famulumve, requirens
 Profuerint somni quid tibi, quidve cibi.
Me miserum ! quod non medicorum jussa ministro,
 Astringoque manus, infideoque toro !

For this, when careless of her laws you move,
 Her arrows threaten, and your guilt reprove.
 Ah ! cease to wake them, I conjure thee, cease !
 Prevent her vengeance, and the maid appease.
 Ah let not sickness those soft limbs annoy,
 Since Heav'n has form'd them for my dearest joy.
 Preserve those cheeks, that charm'd my ravish'd sight,
 And lips surrounded by the purest white !

If there be one—the bitt'rest of my foes !
 Whose hate would injure, or my wish oppose,
 May such experience what Acontius feels,
 When through your limbs the fev'rous poison steals.
 With doubtful agonies of wild despair,
 My bosom heaves, and throbs with anxious care ;
 Nor can I tell you which the most alarms,
 To see you grieve, or bless another's arms.
 Cause of that grief, in solitude I pine,
 Suspect you wrong'd, and make each sorrow mine.
 May all your perjuries—as source of all !
 To ease that bosom, on Acontius fall.

Oft round your gates, solicitously led,
 With watchful eyes, and anxious soul I tread :
 In sage discretion to your servants creep,
 And learn what food you take, and how you sleep.
 Ah, wretch ! to covet what the gods deny,
 Each want to feel, and not a want supply !

Ah,

Et rursus miserum ! quod me procul inde remoto,
 Quem minimè vellem, forsitan alter adest.
 Ille manus istas et fingit, et affidet ægræ,
 Invisus superis, cum superisque mihi.
 Dumque suo tentat salientem pollice venam,
 Candida per causam brachia sæpe tenet ;
 Contrestatque sinus ; et forsitan oscula jungit :
 Officio mercis plenior ista suo est.

“ Quis tibi permisit, nostras præcidere meses ?
 “ Ad sepem alterius quis tibi fecit iter ?
 “ Iste sinus meus est : mea turpiter oscula sumis :
 “ A mihi promisso corpore tolle manus.
 “ Improbè tolle manus ; quam tangis nostra futura est.
 “ Postmodo si facias istud, adulter eris.
 “ Elige de vacuis, quam non sibi vindicat alter.
 “ Si nescis, dominum res habet ista suum.
 “ Nec mihi credideris, recitetur formula pacti :
 “ Neu falsam dicas esse ; fac ipsa legat.
 “ Alterius thalamo tibi nos, tibi dicimus, exi.
 “ Quid facis hîc ? exi, non vacat iste torus.

“ Nam

Ah, doubly wretched, with officious hand,
 Absent to know that others round you stand.
 Above the rest, averse to Heav'n and me !
 I view my rival insolently free !
 Fix'd on your face the daring monster stands,
 Observes your eyes, and holds your lily-hands ;
 With fond pretext, to press that arm, he feels
 The bounding pulse, and o'er each beauty steals ;
 Hangs on that neck—and oh ! too high the price
 Of boasted skill—perhaps some freedom tries ;
 Yields to the struggling impulse of his breast,
 Grows to your lips, and sighs you into rest.

“ Who gave thee leave to mow that rip'ning grain,
 “ Or led thy footsteps to another's plain ?
 “ That bosom's mine ! and, barefac'd as thou art !]
 “ Those kisses too—forbear ! nor touch a part
 “ Of what is plighted to my longing heart :
 “ Take off those hands—'tis mine that angel frame ;
 “ Such acts, hereafter, with adul'trous shame,
 “ Would mark thy days ; chuse where the maids are free,
 “ Those charms, I tell thee, are design'd for me.
 “ Should'st thou mistrust me, let the claim be clear ;
 “ And from her lips the binding contract hear.
 “ Begone !—too heedless of the lines she read !
 “ Nor meanly trespass on another's bed !
 “ Wretch that thou art ! what would thy frenzy dare ?
 “ Begone, I tell thee ! thou'st no bus'ness there.

“ Thy

" Nam quod habes et tu humani verba altera pauci,
 " Non erit idcirco par tua causa meæ.
 " Hæc mihi se pepigit : pater hanc tibi, primus ab illis
 " Sed proprietate, quam pater, ipsa sibi est.
 " Promisit pater hanc: hæc adjuravit amanti ;
 " Ille homines, hæc est testificata Dea.
 " Hic metuit mendax, timet hæc perjura vocari :
 " Num dubites, hic sit major, an ille metus ?
 " Denique ut amborum conferre pericula possis
 " Respice ad eventus : hæc cubat ; ille valet.
 " Nos quoque dissimili certamina mente subimus,
 " Nec spes par nobis, nec timor æquus adeat.
 " Tu petis ex tuto : gravior mihi morte repulsa est ;
 " Idque ego jam, quod tu forsitan amabis, amo.
 " Si tibi justitiæ, si recti causa fuisset,
 " Cedere debueras ignibus ipse meis."

Nunc quoniam ferus hic pro causâ pugnat iniquâ :
 Ad quid Cydippè, littera nostra redit ?

Hic

" Thy claim, at best, is form'd on human ties,
 " But mine has all the sanction of the skies.
 " I gain'd the daughter, *you* the father won,
 " Whose right is first ?—the father's, or her own ?
 " My vows herself, whilst your's the Sire preferr'd,
 " Men witness'd these, and those the Goddess heard.
 " *He* shuns a falsehood, *she* Diana's arm :
 " And can you question *which* should most alarm ?
 " If, spite of truth, each argument be lost,
 " Judge from effects, and say—who suffers most ?
 " Whilst health is bright'ning in the father's eyes,
 " Stretch'd on her couch the sick'ning daughter lies.
 " Our bosoms too unequal sorrow tears,
 " Nor such your hopes, nor such your anxious fears.
 " You sue in peace, but death to me has charms,
 " Compar'd with aught that tears me from her arms.
 " Unvex'd by keen solicitude you move,
 " Whilst I adore what you perhaps may love !
 " If truth, or justice could assert their claim,
 " Your soul had long since yielded to my flame."

You see, Cydippé ! for what end I press
 My dearest cause, and languish for success :
 Though heav'nly vengeance all his vows pursue,
 My rival triumphs, and is heard by you.
 Lawless he pleads, whilst you the traitor hear,
 And mingle falsehood with affliction's tear.

Hence

Hic facit ut jaceas, et sis suspecta Diana :
 Hunc tu, si sapias, limen adire vetes.
 Hoc faciente subis tam sæva pericula vitæ :
 Atque utinam pro te qui movet illa, cadat !
 Quem si repuleris, nec, quem Dea damnat, amaris ;
 Et tu continuò, certè ego salvus ero.

 Siste metum, virgo ; stabili potière saluti ;
 Fac modo polliciti conscia templa colas.
 Nec bove maestato, cælestia numina gaudent ;
 Sed, quæ præstanta est et sine teste, fide.
 Ut valeant aliæ ferrum patiuntur et ignes :
 Fert aliis tristem succus amarus opem.
 Nil opus est istis , tantum perjuria vita ;
 Teque simul serva, meque, datamque fidem.
 Præteritæ veniam dabit ignorantia culpæ :
 Exciderint animo fædera lecta tuo.
 Admonita es modò voce meâ, modò casibus istis ;
 Quos, quoties tentas fallere, ferre soles.
 His quoque vitatis, in partu nempe rogabis,
 Ut tibi luciferas afferat illa manus.
 Audiet ; et repetens quæ sint audita, requiriæt
 Ipsa, tibi de quo conjugæ partus eat.

Promittes

Hence all the pains my lov'd Cydippé knows,
 Diana's anger, and its sleepless woes ;
 Far from your gates the bold intruder send,
 Each joy recover, and the contest end.
 So ev'ry sorrow from your heart remove !
 And he, who caus'd it, all its anguish prove !
 No more this object of her wrath allow,
 And health will brighten on our cheerful brow.

Haste, firm in hope, to where the Goddes heard
 Your plighted promise, and my vows preferr'd.
 The victim, led to sacrifice and death,
 Charms not the Gods so much as gen'r'ous faith.
 Some for repose, submit to fire and steel ;
 With bitter roots while others hope to heal,
 No need have you such trials to endure ;
 Observe your vows, and ev'ry joy's secure.
 For past omissions ignorance may plead :
 Your mind forgot what those dear eyes could read !
 Warn'd by disease, whene'er thou would'ft deceive,
 And urg'd by me the goddess to believe,
 Ah, what should force thee from thy vows to fly,
 Each pain to covet, and each joy deny ?
 E'en this neglected, still a time may be,
 When kind Lucina must be call'd to thee.
 She'll come, and mindful of her vot'ry's claim,
 Ask from whose loins the struggling infant came ?

F

Vows

Promittes votum ; scit te promittere falso :
 Jurabis ; scit te fallere posse Deos.

Non agitur de me : curâ majore labore ;
 Anxia sunt vitæ pectora nostra tuæ.
Cur modò te dubiam pavidi flevêre parentes,
 Ignaros culpæ quos facis esse tuæ ?
Et cur ignorent ? matri licet omnia narres :
 Nil tua, Cydippé, facta ruboris habent.
Ordine fac referas, ut sis mihi cognita primùm,
 Sacra pharetratæ dum facis ipsa Deæ.
Ut te conspectâ, subitò (si fortè notaſti)
 Restiterim fixis in tua membra genis.
Ut te dum nimium miror (nota certè furoris)
 Deciderint húmero pallia lapsa meo.
Postmodo nescio quâ venisse volubile malum,
 Verba ferens doctis infidiosa notis.
Quod, quia fit lectum sanctâ præſente Dianâ,
 Esse tuam vincitam, numine teste, fidem.

Vows will be made, and oaths for safety giv'n ;
How fruitless all, from one who laughs at heav'n !

Careless of mine, far other griefs I bear,
And anxious tremble for a life so dear.
Unkind ! in death-like agony to feel
Severest anguish, yet the cause conceal ;
To see your nearest relatives in grief,
When heav'n commands, and you might give relief.
If none, Cydippé, can obtain regard,
The womb that bore thee should at least be spar'd.
No cause has she the suitor to despise,
No cause have you to redden at his sighs.
The earliest impulse of my heart explain,
How first I saw you in Diana's fane ;
How, touch'd by Venus and her soft alarms,
My eyes were fettered to those angel charms ;
Whilst you, perhaps no stranger to them all,
Observ'd my looks, and saw my garment fall :
From ev'ry motion my disorder guest,
And felt the triumph of your eyes confess ;
How next, an apple to my charmer's feet—
Ingenious messenger of dear deceit !—
The plighted union of our souls convey'd,
While Delia listen'd in her sacred shade.
In vain to shun me diffidence is driv'n :
What law can tear thee from myself and heav'n ?

Ne tamen ignoret quo sit sententia scripta,
 Lecta tibi quondam nunc quoque verba refer.
 " Nube, precor," dicet, " cui te bona numina jungunt ;
 " Quem fore jurasti, sit gener ille mihi.
 " Quisquis is est, placeat ; quoniam placet ante Diana."
 Talis erit mater ; si modo mater erit.
 Sed tamen inquirat, qui sim qualisque jubeto :
 Inveniet vobis consuluissè deam.
 Insula Coryciis quondam celeberrima nymphis,
 Cingitur Ægæo, nomina Cea mari.
 Illa mihi patria est : nec si generosa probaris
 Nomina, despctis arguor ortus avis.
 Sunt et opes nobis : sunt et sine criminе mores ;
 Amplius utque nihil, me tibi jungit amor.
 Appeteres talem vel non jurata maritum :
 Juratae vel non talis habendus erat.

Hæc tibi me in iomnis jaculatrix scribere Phœbe ;
 Hoc tibi me vigilans scribere jussit amor.
 Et quibus alterius mihi jam nocuere sagittæ :
 Alterius noceant ne tibi tela, cave.
 Juncta salus nostra est ; miserere meique tuique ;
 Quid dubitas unam ferre duobus opem ?
 Quod si contigerit, cum jam data signa sonabunt,
 Tinctaque votivo sanguine Delos erit,

But lest unconscious of the weighty strain
 Thy mother rest, ah! read it once again.
 "Take," will she say, "whom heav'n has bid thee chuse;
 "The vows thou gav'st him, I dare not refuse :
 "Who pleases Delia, should be lov'd by thee,
 "Whate'er his name or parentage may be."
 Thus, in maternal fondness, will she prove
 The tend'rest impulse of a mother's love.
 From thee, to fond solicitude be known
 The blood I boast of, and the name I own.
 In each the dearest of your friends will find
 Diana careful of your virgin-mind.
 Ceös, an isle which once the Muses chose,
 And where the circling deep Ægæan flows,
 My country's nam'd : nor yet so humbly born,
 If birth's an object,—to deserve your scorn.
 My spotless honour and my wealth agree;
 But love has join'd me, more than all, to thee.
 A youth so gifted, tho' no vows were made,
 Might gain thy wishes, and thy breast persuade.

This in my dreams the quiver'd Huntress told ;
 Love bade me write, and to thy heart unfold.
 As Cupid's arrows have been felt by me,
 Beware, lest Phœbe's should be aim'd at thee.
 Link'd are our fates : Ah, why should two be griev'd,
 Since, *one* consenting, *both* might be reliev'd ?
 But when—so heav'n permit, the signals found,
 And bleeding victims stain the sacred ground :

Aurea ponetur Mali felicis imago,
Causaque versiculis scripta duobus erit.
“ Effigie pomi testatur Acontius hujus,
“ Quæ fuerint in eo scripta, fuisse rata.”
Longior infirmum ne laffet Epistola corpus,
Clausaque consueto fit sibi fine, vale.

A golden image of the fruit be seen,
With these two verses to the quiver'd Queen.
" By this resemblance of an apple's prov'd
" Cydippé's kindness to the man she lov'd."
Shook by disease, and languid as thou art,
No more I'll press the bus'ness of my heart,
But fondly silent, ev'ry wish renew,
And end, as usual, with a dear adieu.

POST.

P O S T C R I P T.

Having acquitted myself of a promise I made my friends some years back, it remains to acquaint the indulgent Reader, that the chief motive which induced me to undertake the translation, was a conviction that it may be possible to render every sentiment of the original, and not deviate from its ease and familiarity of phrase.—Without arrogating to myself any superiour knowledge of the Classicks, or presuming to do better than those who have gone before me, I am free to say that no Antient has been more unworthily handled than OVID. The present Epistle has already appeared in English; but, whether from ignorance or precipitancy in the composition, there is little more to be found than a literal version of the Author, without elegance of phrase or harmony of numbers. The Sappho to Phaon, by Pope, is an exception to this remark, so far as it relates to poetical beauty; yet even here some inaccuracies occur.—The following lines, for instance, are not entirely

entirely devoid of meaning in the original, yet it will be difficult to find them in the translation :

Vilis Amythone, vilis mihi candida Cydno :
 Non oculis grata est Atthis, ut ante, meis ;
 Atque aliæ centum, quas hic *sine crimine* amavi.

For the whole of this very significant passage two lines are substituted, one of which is unquestionably the very reverse of what Ovid meant. viz.

No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love.

Quas hic fine crimine amavi, conveys a very different idea of Sappho's amours ; in whose age a connection with the same sex was probably less stigmatized than in the present.

In another place we are obliged to be satisfied with a couplet, which is general and collective, for six verses that are perfectly descriptive of the painful anxiety a well-wisher feels, when the nearest relative becomes a prey to licentious love.

The

The passage is :

Arsit inops frater, vixtus meretricis amore ;
 Miseraque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
 Factus inops agili peragit freta cœrula remo :
 Quasque male amisit, nunc male quærerit opes ;
 Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter odit.
 Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.

My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
 Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame.

Invidious as the task of criticism must certainly be to a fellow adventurer, I cannot close these observations without adding, that no Translator is justified in giving a single sentiment which the original does not contain. The whole of this beautiful Heroic, in the Latin is plaintive, but not reproachful. How far Mr. Pope was right in tacking the following lines to what was purely expostulatory, the judicious will decide.

Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At least to feign was never hard to you)
 Farewell my Lesbian love, you might have said,
 Or coldly thus,—Farewell, O ! Lesbian Maid.

Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius isses,
 Et modo dixisses : Lesbi puella, vale !

I am now to apologize to the patient reader, and to the admirers of an English Poet, whose works I peruse with pleasure and instruction, for the liberty I have taken : The only excuse I can offer, is in the consciousness of my own imperfections, the natural wish every man must feel to vindicate himself by the precedent of others. If I have been diffuse in rendering any part of Acontius to Cydippè, it was because I wished to be clear: and if, on the other hand, I have injured its harmony by being too confined, it was because I would not fatigue. But I am bold to assert there is not a single sentiment or idea introduced which the original does not fully justify. I shall conclude with an observation of Mr. Pope's, that perfectly suits the whole of my productions, but more especially this Epistle, which, when very young, I undertook to translate merely for improvement.

' All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitations of the Antients : And it will be found true, that in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For to say truth, whatever is very good
 ' sense,

‘ sense, must have been common sense in all times ;
‘ and what we call learning is but the knowledge
‘ of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore, they
‘ who say our thoughts are not our own, because
‘ they resemble the Antients, may as well say our
‘ faces are not our own, because they are like our
‘ Fathers : and indeed it is very unreasonable, that
‘ people should expect us to be scholars, and
‘ yet be angry to find us so.’

The following translation of Acontius to Cydippé, appeared many years back, and, to the best of my knowledge, is the only version extant. How far the candid Reader may be inclined to condemn me for having attempted a second, I will not pretend to determine; I can only say, that although this production may afford some abler Writer a fair occasion to extend the observation made in my Postscript, the success of a Rival will by no means distress me; nor shall I feel myself hurt by the ingenuous remarks of classical truth and knowledge.

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE.

BY MR. R. DUKE.

R EAD boldly this; here you shall swear no more,
For that's enough which you have sworn before.
Read it; so may that violent disease,
Which thy dear body, but my soul doth seize,
Forgets its too-long practic'd cruelty,
And health to you restore, and you to me.

G.

Why

Why do you blush? for blush you do, I fear,
 As when you first did in the Temple swear.
 Truth to your plighted faith is all I claim:
 And truth can never be the cause of shame.
 Shame lives with guilt, but you your virtue prove
 In fav'ring mine, for mine's a husband's love.
 Ah! to yourself, those binding words repeat,
 That once your wishing eyes ev'n long'd to meet,
 When th' Apple brought 'em dancing to your feet. }
 There you will find the solemn vow you made,
 Which, if your health, or mine, can aught persuade,
 You to perform should rather mindful be,
 Than great *Diana* to revenge on thee.
 My fears for you increase with my desire,
 And hope blows that already raging fire.
 For hope you gave; nor can you this deny,
 For the great Goddess of the fane was by;
 She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd shrine
 A sudden, kind auspicious light did shine;
 Her statue seem'd to nod its awful head,
 And give its glad consent to what you said.
 Now, if you please, accuse my prosp'rous cheat,
 Yet still confess 'twas love that taught me it.
 In that deceit what did I else design,
 But with your own consent to make you mine?
 What you my crime, I call my innocence,
 Since loving you has been my sole offence.

Nor nature gave me, nor has practice taught
 The nets with which young Virgins hearts are caught,
 You my accuser, taught me to deceive,
 And Love, with you, did his assistance give ;
 For Love stood by, and smiling, bad me write
 The cunning words he did himself indite.
 Again, you see I write by his command,
 He guides my pen, and rules my willing hand :
 Again, such kind such loving words I send,
 As makes me fear that I again offend.
 Yet if my love's my crime, I must confess
 Great is my guilt, but never shall be less ;
 Oh that I thus may ever guilty prove !
 In finding out new paths to reach thy love.
 A thousand ways to that steep mountain lead,
 Tho' hard to find, and difficult to tread.
 All these will I find out, and break through all,
 For which, my flame compar'd, the dangers small.
 The gods alone know what the end will be ; }
 Yet if we mortals any things foresee,
 One way or other you must yield to me. }
 If all my arts should fail, to arms I'll fly,
 And snatch by force what you my pray'r's deny :
 I all those heroes mighty acts applaud,
 Who first have led me this illustrious road.

I too—but hold, death the reward will be ;
 Death be it then— }
 For to lose you, is more than death to me.
 Were you less fair, I'd use the vulgar way
 Of tedious courtship, and of dull delay :
 But thy bright form kindles more eager fires,
 And something wond'rous, as itself, inspires ;
 Those eyes that all the heav'nly lights outshine,
 (Which, Oh! may'st thou behold, and love in mine)
 Those snowy arms, which on my neck should fall,
 If you the vows you made, regard at all ;
 That modest sweetness, and becoming grace,
 That paints with living red your blushing face ;
 Those feet, with which they only can compare
 That through the silver flood bright *Thetis* bear ;
 Do all conspire my madness to excite,
 With all the rest that is deny'd to fight.
 Which could I praise alike, I then were blest,
 And all the storms of my vex'd soul at rest.
 No wonder then if with such beauty fir'd,
 I of your love the sacred pledge desir'd.
 Rage now, and be as angry as you will,
 Your very frowns all other smiles excel ;
 But give me leave, that anger to appease
 By my submission, that my love did raise.
 Your pardon prostrate at your feet I'll crave,
 The humble posture of your guilty slave.

With

With falling tears your fiery rage I'll cool,
 And lay the rising tempest of your soul.
 Why in my absence are you thus severe ?
 Summon'd at your tribunal to appear }
 For all my crimes, I'd gladly suffer there,
 With pride whatever you inflict receive,
 And love the wounds those hands vouchsafe to give,
 Your fetters too—but they alas are vain,
 For love has bound me, and I hug my chain,
 Your hardest laws with patience I'll obey,
 'Till you yourself at last relent, and say,
 When all my suff'rings you with pity see,
He that can love so well, is worthy me.
 But if all this should unsuccessful prove,
 Diana claims for me your promis'd love.

O may my fears be false, ! yet she delights
 In just revenge of her abused rites.
 I dread to hide, what yet to speak I dread,
 Lest you should think, that for myself I plead.
 Yet out it must,—'Tis this, 'tis surely this,
 That is the fuel to your hot disease ;
 When waiting Hymen at your porch attends,
 Her fatal messenger the Goddess sends ;
 And when you would to his kind call consent,
 This fever does your perjury prevent.

Forbear, forbear thus to provoke her rage,
 Which you so easily may yet asswage.
 Forbear to make that lovely charming face
 The prey to ev'ry envious disease :
 Preserve those looks to be enjoy'd by me,
 Which none should ever but with wonder see :
 Let that fresh colour to your eheeks return,
 Whose blooming flame did all beholders burn.
 But let on him, th' unhappy cause of all
 The ills that from Diana's anger fall,
 No greater torments light, than those I feel,
 When you my dearest, tend'rest part, are ill.
 For oh ! with what dire tortures am I rackt,
 Whom diff'rent griefs successively distract !
 Sometimes my grief from this does higher grow,
 To think that I have caus'd so much to you :
 Then great *Diana's* witness, how I pray
 That all our crimes on me alone she'd lay.
 Sometimes to your lov'd doors disguis'd I'd come,
 And all around 'em up and down I roam :
 'Till I your woman coming from you spy,
 With looks dejected, and a weeping eye.
 With silent steps, like some sad ghost, I steal
 Close up to her, and urge her to reveal
 More than new questions suffer her to tell :

How

}

How you had slept ? what diet you had us'd ?
 And oft the vain Physician's art accus'd.
 He ev'ry hour, Oh ! were I blest as he !
 Does all the turns of your distemper see ;
 Why sit not I by your bedside all day,
 My mournful head in your warm bosom lay, }
 'Till with my tears the inward fires decay ?
 Why press not I your melting hand in mine,
 And from your pulse of my own health divine ?
 But oh ! these wishes all are vain ; and he }
 Whom most I fear, may now sit close by thee,
 Forgetful as thou art of heav'n and me. }
 He that lov'd hand does press, and oft does feign
 Some new excuse to feel thy beating vein.
 Then his bold hand up to your arm does slide,
 And in your panting breast itself does hide ;
 Kisses sometimes he snatches too from thee,
 For his officious care too great a fee.
 Robber, who gave thee leave to taste that lip,
 And the ripe harvest of my kisses reap ?
 For they are mine, so is that bosom too,
 Which, false as 'tis, shall never harbour you.
 Take, take away those adul'trous hands,
 For know, another Lord that breast commands.
 'Tis true, her father promis'd her to thee,
 But heav'n and she first gave herself to me ;

And

And you in justice therefore should decline,
 Your claim to that which is already mine.
 This is the man, *Cydippe*, that excites
Diana's rage to vindicate her rites.

Command him then not to approach thy door,
 This done, the danger of your death is o'er.
 For fear not, beauteous maid, but keep thy vow,
 Which great Diana heard, and did allow ;
 And she who took it, will thy health restore,
 And be propitious as she was before.

“ Tis not the stream of a slain heifer's blood,
 “ That can allay the anger of a God.
 “ Tis truth, and justice to your vows, appease
 “ Their angry Deities ; and, without these,
 “ No slaughter'd beast their fury can divert,
 “ For that's a sacrifice without a heart.”
 Some, bitter potions patiently endure,
 And kiss the wounding launce that works their cure.
 You have no need these cruel cures to feel,
 Shun being perjur'd only,—and be well.

Why let you still your pious parents weep,
 Whom you in ign'rance of your promise keep !
 Oh ! to your mother all our story tell,
 And the whole progress of our love reveal ;

Tell her how first at great Diana's shrine
 I fixt my eyes, my wond'ring eyes, on thine ;
 How like the statues there I stood amaz'd,
 Whilst on thy face intemp'rately I gaz'd.
 She will herself, when you my tale repeat,
 Smile, and approve the amorous deceit.

"Marry," she'll say, "whom heav'n commends to thee ;
 "He who has pleas'd Diana, pleases me."
 But should she ask from what descent I came,
 My country, and my parents, and my name ; }
 Tell her that none of these deserve my shame. }
 Had you not sworn, you such an one might chuse ;
 But were he worse, now sworn, you can't refuse.
 This in my dreams Diana bid me write,
 And when I wak'd, sent Cupid to indite :
 Obey 'em both, for one has wounded me,
 Which wound if you with eyes of pity see,
 She too will soон relent that wounded thee. }
 Then to our joys with eager haste we'll move,
 As full of beauty you, as I of love.
 To the great temple we'll in triumph go,
 And with our off'rings at the altar bow.
 A golden iimage there I'll consecrate
 Of the false apple's innocent deceit.
 And write below the happy verse, that came
 The messenger of my successful flame.

" Let

“ Let all the world this from *Acontius* know,
“ *Cydippe* has been faithful to her vow.”
More I would write, but since thy illness reigns,
And wracks thy tender limbs with sharpest pains,
My pen falls down for fear, lest this might be,
Altho’ for me too little, yet too much for thee.

THE

LAW OF REASON.

IF sighs are an index of love,
 If love, between hope and despair,
 The struggle must patiently prove,
 And all its uncertainty bear ;
 Ah me ! to what anguish is doom'd
 A heart that is fetter'd like mine,
 Whose hours are in sighing consum'd,
 Whose fate is in secret to pine.

II.

The smile that assuages my pain,
 And lends it a moment's repose,
 Is perhaps the false light of disdain,
 That breaks o'er the cloud of my woes.
 Distress, that in absence has pin'd,
 When drawn from his exile at last,
 In rapture observes ev'ry wind,
 And thinks all his sorrows are past.

III.

With canvas expanded, he flies,
 His wishes outstripping the gale ;
 Gray visions of ecstasy rise,
 And flutter, and swell with the fail

Each

" Let all the world this from *Acantius* know,
" *Cydippe* has been faithful to her vow."
More I would write, but since thy illness reigns,
And wracks thy tender limbs with sharpest pains,
My pen falls down for fear, lest this might be,
Altho' for me too little, yet too much for thee.

T H E
L A W O F R E A S O N.

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 The struggle must patiently prove,
 And all its uncertainty bear ;
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III.

With canvas expanded, he flies,
 His wishes outstripping the gale ;
 Gray visions of ecstasy rise,
 And flutter, and swell with the sail

Each

Each murmur that floats on the breeze,
 Seems echo repeating his sigh ;
 Already dear Albion he sees !
 Her cliffs sweetly beam on his eye.

IV.

Each feeling, transported to bliss,
 Prevents what he fondly desires :
 The faltering accent, and kiss,
 The tale that in murmurs expires !
 Delusion too fatally sad !
 The cliffs scarcely gleam on his eyes ;
 Heav'n frowns, and in thunder is clad !
 And wreck'd on the billows he lies.

V.

Ah tell me—for who better knows
 To picture the bosom's alarms—
 If anguish or ecstasy flows
 From *that* which eternally charms,
 To beauty, by provident Heav'n,
 In pity to man's erring heart,
 Should not a large portion be giv'n
 Of Reason, to temper the dart ?

That

VI.

*That eye, which, in wanton conceit,
 Unfeelingly trifles with pain,
 Should yield to another's deceit,
 And fade in the gloom of disdain.*

*That heart, from whose pulses can rise
 One throb in rebellion to truth,
 Should sink with a burthen of sighs,
 And wither to age in its youth.*

VII.

Thus only, MARIA, can be,
 —Whose feelings are subject to love,—
 In passion's dominion be free,
 And sweet sensibility prove.
 For me, who by nature am taught
 To value whatever's sincere,
 Be sympathy only my lot,
 And all that I covet is near.

H

The

The following Lines were written in consequence of the Author being asked which to him appeared the most eligible way of passing life; in the gay and fashionable scenes of Town, with all their train of vicissitudes, or in the calmer retreat of rural comfort and domestic ease? They are addressed to a LADY who is not less remarkable for an uncommon share of poetical merit, than distinguished from the generality of her sex by the noblest dictates of truth and feeling.

AH say—melodious songster of the grove,
 Whose strains are gentle as the gentlest love!
 Awhile from reason and its calm delight,
 Shall friendship draw thee, and the muse invite?
 Can't thou from peaceful solitude retreat,
 The captive lover, and his sighs to meet?
 The gath'ring anguish of his heart to cheer
 In hope that darkens with the gloom of fear?

Blest, as thou seem'st, with sympathy to feel
 Affection's int'rest, and its tale conceal,
 With soothing care the secret wish to hide,
 And save its blushes from the sneer of pride;
 To whom, so tender of the bosom's sigh,
 Should hope aspire, or disappointment fly?
 Thy tear of pity can each pain beguile,
 And gay success is livelier in thy smile.

From scenes, where pride and thoughtless folly reign,
 And reas'ning man is laugh'd at by the vain ;
 From falsehood, smiling with a canker'd heart,
 The fools of fashion, and the dupes of art,
 Fatigu'd I turn,—regardless of mankind,
 Congenial nature, and her joys to find;
 Though charm'd by beauty, from its follies free,
 I turn, MELISSA, to repose and thee.

As thus I mus'd, and in illusion drew
 Imagin'd raptures to reflection's view,
 My heavy eye-lid clos'd upon the day,
 And lost in sleep each earthly sorrow lay.
 So some poor wretch in pensive habit moves,
 And lends his soul the liberty she loves ;
 Sighs to the gale in solitary mood,
 Or pours his anguish to the murm'rинг flood ;
 Nor care, nor sick'ning prejudice destroy
 The gilded blossoms of imagin'd joy.

Scarce had the world, and all its train of woes
 Sunk in the peaceful bosom of repose,
 When fancy, grown impatient of the strife
 Which reason combats in the noise of life,
 With scenes of pleasure that no griefs controul,
 Broke, in delightful visions, on my soul.
 Then did I see thee, dear MELISSA ! move,

Untouch'd by int'rest, to the shrine of love ;
 Then did I feel the mutual transport rise,
 Spring to the cheek, and languish into sighs.
 One instant paid me for an age of pain,
 One smile restor'd me to myself again.
 Unequall'd joy ! when souls congenial meet,
 And nature triumphs in the world's defeat !

If dreams a rapture to the soul can give,
 And bid the fondest of our wishes live,
 Ah sure its charm reality may tear
 From fiction, bright'ning on the bed of care !
 Else why—scarce waken'd by the gath'ring sound
 Of rattling hoofs, that flung their echoes round,
 Full on my sight did lov'd MELISSA beam,
 And look the peerless image of my dream ?
 On COLNE's soft border, as I fondly spread
 My wearied limbs, and prest its mossy bed,
 In meek simplicity my charmer past,
 And o'er the shade resistless magic cast.
 Yet why so transient were the rays of joy ?
 Just seen, and vanish'd from my gazing eye !
 So when the glowing firmament along
 A star runs streaming thro' the sparkling throng,
 Attention's fetter'd by the lengthen'd blaze ;
 When, lost in air, it suddenly decays.

Yet still I gaz'd, unconscious of the dart,
 Which love had pointed for my yielding keart,
 Till, sunk in distance and the circling trees,
 The fleeting hoof just echoed on the breeze.
 To ev'ry whisper of the gale I lent
 My list'ning ear, and murmur'd as it went :
 " Oh if, prophetic of a future bliss,
 " A lasting image may be form'd in *this* ;
 " Still let me paint the visionary joy,
 " No fears to pang, or sorrows to annoy.

" A face must wither in the waste of time,
 " And pale disease may trespass on our prime ;
 " But *sense*, triumphant in the blaze of truth,
 " Shall hold its honours with unfading youth :
 " On ev'ry change an op'ning blossom throw,
 " In age have vigour, and in sickness blow.
 " Till, gently warn'd, calm resignation feels
 " The parting call, and from its mansion steals ;
 " Glides, unperceiv'd, to realms of endless rest,
 " Where *hope* is answer'd, and each wish is blest.

ON

THE YEAR
ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED;

O R,

IT WILL BE SO!

*Ma muse tudesque et bizarre,
Jargonnant un Francais barbare,
Dit les choses comme elle peut ;
Et du compas parfait bravant la Symmetrie,
Le purisme genant et la pedanterie,
Exprime au moins ce qu' elle veut.*

K. of Prussia's Pref. to his Poet. Works.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem was written some time back, for no other purpose than to shew, that however virulent the generality of Pseudo-critics are, it ought to be the office of the Man of real knowledge coolly to investigate the merits of a Writer, without peremptorily condemning what, perhaps, he little understands, or does not chuse to examine — And, on the other hand, to excite those who may have poetical abilities, to adhere closely to the dictates of Nature, and not to be disheartened by the transient puff of affectation, or the spite of malice.

Some are bewilder'd in the maze of Schools,
And some made coxcombs, nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn Critics in their own defence :
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's spite.

Pope's Essay on Crit.

The

THE YEAR

ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED.

AS when with murmur'ring tumult to the shore
Autumnal tides in quick succession roar,
Loud and more loud the frequent surges rise,
Wave treads on wave, and, like its rival, dies.
So with the wild uncertain tide of things,
Revolving fate rolls Ministers and Kings ;
Through ev'ry age its various current pours,
And sweeps ambition from his finking tow'rs ;
Whilst genius decks the solitary seat,
Reserv'd to triumph where ambition fell.
As one drops off, another starts to view,
Sinks like the last, and yields to something new ;
While num'rous tribes on int'rest's subtle wing,
That wall between a People and a King !
As party dictates, or as whim inspires,
Change with their Lords, and burn with varying fires.
Pelham the great, the gen'rous and the good !
Rul'd for a time, and stemm'd corruption's flood.
B—te, at whose presence Liberty turns pale,
And Slav'ry rises on a northern gale ;
Chatham, the boast and Saviour of our Isle,
Whose mem'ry bids fair Freedom wear a smile !

Fix'd

Fix'd at her helm, the bark of Britain sped,
 To various ends, by various motives led ;
 Then fell to faction, or to nature's stroke,
 The boast of virtue, or the Muse's joke.

While scenes like these the dazzled earth delude,
 Support the bad, and basely strip the good,
 Wilt thou, my friend, indulgent as thou art,
 Of purest morals, and of soundest heart !
 Bless'd in thy youth with all that's wish'd for *Here*,
 Just to mankind, and to thyself sincere ;
 With ev'ry hope and prospect to be great;
 Say, with the Muse, wilt thou, my friend, retreat ?
 Steal from the bustling nonsense of the Town,
 To this still spot, which study calls her own ;
 Here shalt thou see, by nature taught to sing,
 The Muse ascend to statesmen and their King ;
 Unaw'd by pow'r, thro' grandeur dare to pierce,
 And yield a sacrifice to truth, in verse.

Lamented *Churchill* ! in whose chequer'd fate
 Each tint was blended of esteem and hate,
 Who true to virtue, struck at ev'ry crime ;
 Of spotless tenets in each nervous rhyme !
 At thy fair tomb, admiring let me bend,
 And tune my numbers for a virtuous end.
 What were thy faults, avails not now to tell ;
 May pitying candour on thy writings dwell :

And

And if remembrance trespass on the mind,
 Wak'd by the partial censures of mankind,
 To thy pure sheets, in justice let me turn,
 Admire thy genius, but thy nature mourn.
 Teach me, regardless of the villain's hate,
 The frown of int'rest, or the sneer of state;
 The dirty sycophant's ensnaring smile,
 Whose treach'rous kindness sooths me to beguile,
 Teach me to dart, with justice on my side,
 The Muse's weapon thro' the breast of pride,—
 Unfold foul vice, and careless of each groan,
 Probe ev'ry part, till all her filth be known.
 Teach me, in spite of *Mansfield*, and the law,
 If truth acquits me, not a judge can awe!—
 Teach me—nor let one selfish view mislead
 A muse unpractis'd, or direct her reed
 To pour one sound that's foreign to the breast,
 Or lull the splendid villain into rest,—
 Teach me to visit in his serious hour,
 The slave of grandeur, and the tool of pow'r ;
 Display the secret closet of his soul,
 Where flatt'ring meanness cringes to controul;
 And hold the gilded torture up in air,
 Ambition's rack, and wheel of anxious care.
 Teach me, like thee, to scorn the tinsel trim
 Of modern bards, pert, impudent, and prim ;

Who

And

Who move like coxcombs, in a dancing school,
Write e'er they think, or learn to think by rule.

The sons of method may be taught to move
By such degrees, as order must approve :
But let not genius, touch'd with nature's flame,
Drop from his height, in dread of *Crito's* blame :
Nor in a stupid, uniform career,
Crawl thro' a birth-day ode up to great *GEORGE's* ear.
*Wh----t----*d may rock the Monarch to repose,
And sing the *conquer'd conq'ror* of his foes !
*Wh----t----*d may spread the lullaby around,
But let not genius catch the paltry sound.

Dauntless and firm, unwav'd and uncontroul'd,
By virtue prompted, and thro' virtue bold !
Satire shall rise with light'ning on her wing,
Beyond the boasted splendours of a King.

E'en he, the first and kindest of my friends,
Who blames with judgment, and with taste commends,
Whose godlike spirit, with impartial views,
Allows a gen'rous freedom to my Muse——
E'en he !—Though gratitude and friendship start
At ev'ry line, and bleed thro' every part——
Should vice delude him to the paths of pride,
From sacred virtue's fair and spotless side !

Foe to myself, e'en *He* should see me rise,
 Condemn his weakness, and his frown despise.
 Nor thou—the dazzling wonder of us all,
 Ambition's slave, and fortune's restless ball,
 Cloth'd as thou art in all the power of speech,
 Above thy country's and thy sovereign's reach !
 Nor thou, deluded, think the Muse below
 Thy splendid orb's imaginary show ;
 Satire shall search thee with resistless blaze,
 And strip the spotted planet of its rays.

Hold ! cries Palæmon—hacknied in the ways
 Of courting favour, and of vending praise—
 Why stung to madness, impotently wrong,
 Transgress the limits of an harmless song ?
 And shall the firmness of the poet then
 Skulk from the spite or arrogance of men ?
 Shall *that*—while virtue decks the British throne—
 Forbid the muse to make such virtue known ?
 Or hide—when truth the flagrant picture draws—
 The wretch that tramples on affection's laws ?
 Shall *that* a safe-guard to corruption yield,
 And leave, her basking in her guilt, conceal'd :
 Give scarlet vice the virgin's lilly grace,
 And clothe adul'try in a spotless face ?
 Shall *that* to Grosv'nor lend Lucretia's fame,
 Or render vice and innocence the same ?

No ! while the tide of Liberty remains,
 And rolls her current thro' a Briton's veins,
 Justice and candour shall be seen at large,
 Give horns to cuckolds, and maintain the charge.

So sung the muse, regardless of her foes,
 Anxious the traitor's bosom to expose
 Bare to the flighted land ; anxious to shoot
 Her searching arrow at corruption's root ;
 When Caution—clad in B—tt—'s rev'rend form,
 Her heart-strings throbbing at a monthly storm,
 Appear'd half palfied—for the hour was come
 When critics beat the literary drum,
 And wits impress'd, in regular array,
 Before their gen'rals widen into day.
 Fearless I view'd the field, where many a name,
 Damp'd in its infant struggle up to fame,
 Extinguish'd lay ; where dulness in her prime,
 Reign'd o'er the wide extended regions of—a rhyme !
 Wond'ring, I gaz'd, for wond'rous was the plan,
 And with a smile beheld the tricks of man.
 Saw nature vanquish'd by the worst deceit,
 And prostrate genius bound at folly's feet.
 While gilded fashion's mercenary train
 O'er the wide realm of letters held their reign ;
 In ev'ry province would at once preside,
 And wav'd the rod of insolence and pride.

Siddons herself, though on her angel face,
 Each look of nature shone with matchless grace,
 Unnotic'd for a time, neglected play'd,
 Beneath the weight of int'rest's heavy shade.
Siddons could look the savage into love,
 Subdue the tigress, and her pity move :
 Wring from each breast involuntary sighs,
 When Bath beheld her—yet forbad to rise !
 Nor can she now—for nature could no more,—
 Awake one passion stronger than before.
 Critics, in vain, would teach those eyes to roll,
 Orguide the boundless tumult of her soul :
 Critics, in vain, would teach that breast to heave
 With throbs of anguish, or in silence grieve.
Siddons and Nature will forget their rules,
 And leave instruction to the pride of schools.
 Garrick himself, when in his full career
 He trod the walks of hatred, love, and fear ;
 When every passion seem'd to be his own,
 With *Siddons* gladly would have shar'd the crown.
 Yet—strange to think !—all perfect as she is,
 Malice can find there's *something* still amiss.

In vain shall Genius trust to judgment's skill,
 When int'rest holds the prostituted quill.
 Through that false light perfection cannot please,
 Pope has no charms, and Dryden's void of ease.

Behold—the sacred compass in his hand,
 To mark each acre of poetic land,
 To grant the bold aspirer to renown,
 A juster claim and title for his own—
 Behold yon sage!—does justice only draw
 The stern conclusion, and distribute law?
 Does justice hold up ignorance to shame,
 If meanly circled with another's fame?
 Does justice only with delight restore
 To merit's brow the bay that dulness wore?
 Does justice urge him from himself to start,
 And range beyond the limits of his art?
 Believe it not:—'tis prejudice that guides
 The mad award, and o'er each act presides.—

Tyrants there are, detested and abhor'd,
 Yet freedom fees them courted and ador'd;
 The slaves that hate them, venerate their pow'r,
 Till nature starts, and vengeance marks their hour.
 Not so with these more arbitrary Lords,
 Tyrants whose malice feeds on harmless words;
 Whom one false spelling tortures into rage,
 And not ten thousand beauties can assuage;
 Struck by their frown, the bold advent'rer drops,
 To prompt the sneer of literary fops;
 While sov'reign dulness guards her fav'rite throne,
 And pride and ignorance the sceptre own.

Let

Let men, supported by the Poet's brain,
 Deep-veil'd in darkness ridicule his strain :
 With lawless rancour rail at gen'rous truth,
 And strive to crush him in his op'ning youth.
 Let pride, let envy, wit, or vice conspire,
 To quench the glimm'ring of an infant fire ;
 While truth approves, and cool-ey'd taste commends,
 Who cares if envy, wit, or pride befriends ?
 The wretch, whose int'rest holds me up to day
 To public laughter, and condemns my lay,
 For that same *int'rest*, would to-morrow raise
 A paltry monument of monthly praise.

Gods how I laugh, when tuneless to the soul,
 A coxcomb judges how my numbers roll ;
 Swears that they move insufferably rough,
 Then calls for chocolate—and, “ damn such stuff ! ”
 Gods how I laugh, when, *wond'rously* severe,
 Sir Fopling's wit commands the female ear.
 Sent from the hand of some rich titled fool,
 How feebly drops the shaft of ridicule !
 Weakness of brain the Muse with pity sees,
 Nor cares to answer whom she scorns to please ;
 But when, from downright insolence and pride,
 A mind well cultur'd, ventures to decide
 On ev'ry talent, as its gift alone,
 Rouz'd into rage, she strikes the tyrant down ;

Indignant spreads him to the searching beam
 Of truth's strong light, and breaks the gilded dream.
Gods how I laugh, when vet'rans in the trade
 Bend at the shrine which ignorance has made :
 With rev'rence listen to the victim's crime,
 And help to sacrifice an harmless rhyme.
Gods how I laugh, when cramm'd up to the throat,
 On each oblation pride and dulness glote :
 Like hungry priests, by superstition fed,
 Destroy the living, *and new-slay the dead* ;
 While *Beattie*, trembling at the venal frown,
 Admires their wisdom, and forgets his own.

Nurs'd from his birth at sacred method's shrine,
 By fools supported, and of right divine !
 Where flumb'ring folly takes her solemn nap,
 And deeply meditates in Th—p—n's cap ;
 Behold *Punctilio*, prose-man from his heart !
 Stung into rage, if Poetry should start
 Beyond the point where judgment, cloth'd in prose,
 Decides thro' spectacles on Th—p—n's nose.
 Thus have I seen the gen'rous courser fly
 With quiv'ring nostrils snorting to the sky !
 Skim o'er the grass, precipitately gay,
 And not a vestige mark his pathless way ;
 The sluggish ass surveys him in his flight,
 Brays to the wind, and looks with envious spite :

Turns to the mumbling of his thistle food,
And scorns such wild extravagance of blood !

Some, by the blaze of dazzling fiction caught,
Strain to the last extremities of thought.
With loosen'd rein imagination runs,
And dips her pencil in a thousand suns !
On every side a strong effulgence flows,
And reason's exil'd to the realms of Prose.
And laughs not Nature, when she calmly views
The garish progress of the gaudy Muse ?
Beholds each trifling circumstance appear
In all the various colours of the year ?
Eat, drink, or sleep,— be joyous, or be sad,
Still is each act in *heav'nly splendour* clad.
If breakfast's call'd for,—in celestial stile,
Angels descend to make the *kettle boil* :
Some guardian Spirit pours the *nectar* out,
And simp'ring Cupids *hand the toast about* !
Nature, with ease, judiciously display'd,
Rich in herself, requires no foreign aid ;
Shewn as she is, though e'er so void of care,
She's always proper, and she's always fair,

Yet what is nature, if oppos'd by thee,
Almighty modern **Possibility* !

Are

* See a poetic Epistle lately published, in four Cantos.

Are letters sent—then aid them, all ye gales ;
 For all are requisite to love-wrote tales :
 The soft complaint let zephyr gently sigh,
 And catch—if possible—the fond reply.
 For, ah ! sweet Possibility can prove
 The best restorer of deserted love !
 For, ah ! sweet Possibility can wrest
The faithless scriptures from a virgin's breast.
 Pride, virgin-pride, will quench the subtle fire,
 And cold reserve succeed to warm desire.
 If not—in anger let the shrill East break,
 And Eurus thunder—for a lover's sake !
 Loud, and yet louder, shall the tempest roar,
 Proclaim his pain, and mutter round the shore ;
 'Till, like a summer's sea, the tumult cease,
 And all is lull'd—at pleasure—into peace.
 When villains trespass on the social law,
 And fear alone the mad intent can awe,
 The rattling hoof may, possibly, resound
 An hundred miles, and spread a terrour round :
 The rattling hoof, with echo's friendly aid,
 Perhaps, may rescue an insulted maid.

This, and much more, that's wond'rous strange below,
 To thee, sweet Possibility, we owe.
 From thee, the ruling passion of the day
 Receives a stamp, and bears it to the Play.*

The

* Vide the Plots of our modern Operas.

The tinsel flash that gilds the bawdy line,
 By music aided—as it may be thine,
 On dazzled weakness throws the specious hue,
 And robs neglected Genius of its due.
 If judgment startle at a wild conceit,
 To thee poor mortals readily retreat ;
 From thy broad look the puzzled mind receives
 Augmented faith, and *what may be*, believes.
 And yet how oft, deluded by thy ray,
 Does wanton wit irregularly stray !
 Beneath thy wing what monsters of the mind
 Are fondly nurs'd, and sent among mankind !
 From thence what rank absurdities are brought,
 Children of nonsense in the garb of thought !

How strangely various are the practis'd ways
 To force thro' reason, and to pilfer praise !
 A well-paid paragraph, a borrow'd name,
 Will rank a blockhead in the list of fame.
Elwin, well touch'd, will strike from dulness fire,
 And trash run current, if *O'Keefe's* the Sire.
 And must true humour, in itself too weak,
 Like foreign mountebanks, thro' puppets speak ?
 Must it, without them, flutter and go down,
 Damn'd to neglect, or sneer'd at by the Town ?
 Who shall condemn—a foe to nature's charms—
 The baby trembling in his father's arms ?

A father

A father, long since favour'd by the nine,
 And far beyond the reach of Satire's line !
 On *his own* theatre, with *his own* tribes,
 Through love paternal ev'ry father bribes ;
 With *his own* prologue, pleads for *his own* son,
 And *Two to One* is puff'd by *Two to One* !

Actors themselves, in this prolific age,—
 And what's more prais'd or censur'd than the stage ?
 For there ambition from the gay Green-room
 Steps into light, and spreads his gaudy plume ;
 For there the wretched offspring of distress,
 Who, once oppress'd, will in his turn oppress—
 Imbibes the subtle poison of conceit ;
 And there the worst of insolence we meet.
 Yet there—let candour in her turn be heard—
 Merit sometimes with judgment is preferr'd ;—
 Actors themselves, whose highest boast should be,
 To mimic justly what in life they see,
 Lur'd by the flatt'ring plaudits of the Town,
 Try learning's path,— and wander from their own.
 Should real knowledge, or invention fail,
 Industrious fancy flies to some old tale ;
 Oblivion yields the captive to her hands,
 And in scower'd garb the *Maid of Honour* stands.

To judge of Painting, Painters have a right :
 Poets should criticise what Poets write.

The wretch that's hacknied thro' the live-long year
 In filling parchments, or in copying clear
 The lawyer's deed, may sometimes hint a fault :
 But then he does it as a copier ought :
 Rais'd into public by the cringing art,
 Which springs congenial with oppression's heart,
 The *partial* wretch, in low submission led,
 With humble toil first gains his weekly bread ;
 'Till by degrees, to slander useful grown,
 He trims his wing, and hums about the town,
 From ev'ry flow'r—how kind soe'er it blow,
 This wasp—to literature the deadliest foe !
 With hungry malice rifles every sweet,
 New-whets his sting, and loads his dirty feet :
 Till with his blasting touch he kills the whole,
 Then steals, in buzzing triumph, to his hole.

Better from books to turn with cold disdain,
 Stroll thro' the streets, or plod along the plain,
 By trifles caught, to trifle time away,
 And bask with ignorance in fashion's ray ;
 Better to fly from study's calm retreat,
 To thoughtless fashion and its gay deceit :
 From mild simplicity to specious art,
 Better to warp each feeling of the heart !
 Better—if nature, with resistless force,
Must bear the mind from reason's steady course—

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the fashionable tinsel taste,
 Our store of knowledge on *acrostics* waste,
 Breathe thro' initials love's enrapt'ring strain,
 And make poor sense the play thing of the brain;
 Than fit in anxious dread of every word,
 To gaze at envy's visionary sword.

Sacred and safe is ev'ry tradesman's name,
 Whose honest labours are his dearest fame :
 Whate'er he proffers, wholesale or retail,
 To private chapmen, or to public sale,
 The candid purchaser, if led to buy,
 Blames or approves,— but scorns the partial lie ;
 Nor will malicious jealousy—that sees
 With jaundic'd eyes, and is its own disease—
 Dare to defame, for Mansfield's voice can awe
 The worthless villain trembling at the law.
 Science alone—hard lot for him, whose stars
 Severely force him to the worst of wars,
 Where every foe's in secret ambush laid,
 And friends with coolness see their friends betray'd—
 Science alone is doom'd by partial fate
 To bear a rival's, or a dunce's hate :
 With endless toil to grasp at envied praise,
 And scale the mound that Wit and Folly raise.

To

To turn to ridicule the noblest strain
 Requires no vast exertion of the brain.
 One fault suffices—if ill-nature chuse
 To pick each op'ning laurel of the muse—
 One careless fault, by malice seen, may spoil
 The brightest effort of the Poet's toil.
 E'en Shakespeare's genius cannot stand the test,
 Though ALL is god-like, and though ALL is best !*
 Drawn thro' the various comments of mankind,
 His sterling lines are variously refin'd :
 While each adopts the sense he most admires,
 And fashion praises as the whim inspires.

Some from Religion on each work decide,
 And ne'er had Literature a blinder guide !
 Seen thro' the glafs of prejudice and spite,
 The Muse is tarnish'd by discolour'd light.
 When in her cell sad Eloisa lies,
 And breathes to Abelard repentant sighs :
 When heav'n and earth divide her tortur'd soul,
 And each, by turns, is flatter'd with the whole,
 How nature listens to the tender moan !
 How soon we make the soft complaint our own !
 How soon we feel each tumult of the breast,
 With equal force in ev'ry line exprest !
 There passion speaks a language, yet untaught
 By flow'ry fiction, or unmeaning thought :

* See *Pars sumitur pro toto.*

No glaring metaphor, with turgid sound,
 Destroys the charm by which our fancy's bound ;
 No forc'd idea starts up to the view ;
 But all is soft, and eloquently true.
 Still on each line with rapt'rous bliss we dwell,
 And learn to love from what is told so well.
 Yet even Eloise—should wit depart
 From reason's pale, and prostitute its art—
 May look disfigur'd, like a British face,
 Which heav'n makes perfect, and which paints disgrace.

How long shall Truth be subject to such elves,
 Or when will Critics criticise themselves ?
 With inward malice, and a specious smile,
 The fond believing Briton to beguile ;
 With partial knowledge, boundless fame to gain,
 With artful cunning to support his reign ;
 With seeming candour secretly to wound
 The rising bard, and pull him to the ground ;
 With seeming justice, but with real spite,
 To plunge the bold advent'rer into night ;
 On ruin'd genius to erect his throne,
 And judge of talents, tho' possess'd of none ;
 These are the tricks by which oppression reigns
 O'er British faith, and leads that faith in chains ;
 These are the tricks which bounteously supply
 The dirty fount of many a dirty lie ;

These are the tricks, which in apparent zeal,
For sterling wit, the needy dunce conceal.

Shew me the man, that rare, that wond'rous elf !
Who can with justice scrutinize himself :
Reviews each action with impartial eye,
Nor, like a lover, gives his sense the lie ?
Shew me the man, who kindly can peruse,
The blameless efforts of a sister muse ;
Reads with delight what charms another's ear,
And scorns to be, from jealousy, severe.
Too soon, alas, is treach'r'us envy rais'd ;
E'en Milo's peevish when an Author's prais'd.
FORDYCE—This humble tribute let me pay
To genius blazing in the frame's decay—
FORDYCE will trim the Poet's youthful wings,
Direct his fire, and listen while he sings :
Yet warp'd to niceties, he curbs the Muse,
Confines her aim, or timidly pursues.
O skill'd to search the bosom's inmost part,
To wake the tend'rest feelings of the heart,
Whose words, pure echoes of the sense, combine
At once to charm, to polish, and refine
Britannia's youth—O doubly skill'd to please
With social eloquence, and friendly ease ;
In thee the best affections of the soul,
As virtue prompts them innocently roll ;

Spring to thy speaking eye, and strongly tell
What sense and goodness in their owner dwell.

Johnson will snarl, but then with candour's wand,
He'll bid the blemish drop, the beauty stand :
Not from pure malice run a tilt at all
With Gothic fury, till the structure fall.
O bless'd with all the virtues of the mind,
Of matchless judgment, and of taste refin'd !
While ev'ry science is familiar grown,
And boundless wisdom marks thee for her own !
Say, shall an infant warbler dare to sing
Beneath the friendly covert of thy wing ?
Catch the least beam that sparkles on thy plume,
And snatch one deathless laurel from the tomb ?

Yet, what avails it that in early youth,
Unaw'd by prejudice, and sworn to truth,
Pale study leads us thro' the peaceful walks,
Where sacred wisdom with creation talks ;
Ah, what avails it, that with nicest skill
We try to fathom man's mysterious will :
Disperse the cloud of ignorance and show,
And studying others, learn *ourselves to know* !
A pedant's anger shall with ease destroy
Whole years of toil, and feast with greedy joy :
Like smooth-tongu'd Atticus each part dissect,
And basely smile our labours to neglect.

Through

Through what vicissitudes must genius steer,
Aspiring hope and joy-consuming fear,
Ere time and truth have plac'd him in his right,
Beyond the reach of pride and envious spite.
From yonder monument let candour tell
How Otway perish'd, and how Dryden fell !
That tongue, whose accents on our senses now
Affection's impulse, and its rapture throw,
With ev'ry pang of penury distrest,
Was parch'd by hunger, and by want supprest.
Who, that to matchless harmony resign'd,
E'er own'd Cecilia mistress of his mind,
But looks indignant at the monst'rous tale,
Which points reflection to the loathsome jail ?
Of what importance is unrivall'd praise,
To gild affliction's solitary days,
If anguish mingles with its latest breath,
And fame's the cold acknowledgment of death.

In days of old, when honest truth had room,
And trembling guilt was scouted to the tomb,
If Folly threaten'd, and in anger rose
To question Satire at the bar it chose,
The only answer fearless honour gave,
Was—*Heav'n desert me when I spare a knave!*
And shall the spirit of the free-born Muse
Yield to neglect, or tremble at abuse ?
Shall proud Drawcansirs lord it thro' our Isle,
And Genius court the mercenary smile?

Who gave these bold excisemen of the mind
 Such wond'rous powers, or made them so refin'd ?
 Unseen from darkness issues forth their gall,
 Spreads thro' the Public, and envenoms all ;
 With secret filth infects the servile fool,
 And turns his jaundic'd judgment into rule.
 As when distemper rages in the vein,
 Disorder'd appetites their food disdain :
 The sweetest luxury's beneath our wish,
 And sick'ning nature droops at ev'ry dish ;
 Subject to all the changes of disease,
 We hate to-day what yesterday could please ;
 But when the strange disorder is no more,
 Resume our taste, nor think of what we bore.
 Not so with wit—that toy of ev'ry fool,
 The blockhead's ridicule, or great man's tool—
 Stamp'd like receipts, must quit the sacred spot
 Where Folly's own'd, and Wisdom is forgot.

Who but must laugh, when bursting from their shade,
 They dig up genius with an hungry spade :
 Strike at its root, and, with voracious eye,
 Bid the torn plant before the Public lie ;
 Mangle each part in true barbarian spite,
 And live by cens'ring what they cannot write.
 Yet let them rail in pity to their wants,
 Candour forgives when half-starv'd malice rants :

Yes !

Yes ! let them rail, and make each dunce a friend,
Blame by command, and by command commend.

Who but must laugh, when seated in his box,
—While dulne's perks it from his powder'd locks,
And fond conceit, with consequence of face,
Reads the Review, and credits what it says ?—
Who but must laugh, when Clodio's youthful mind,
By dear mamma and folly so refin'd !
Which dreams of literature, and thinks as well
As any Lordling, when he learns to spell ?—
Who but must laugh, when such a mind is caught
By critic-nets, and trammel'd into thought ?
While passive sops submissively receive
The sov'reign mandate—*read us, and believe !*
Who but must laugh, when ladies—oddly kind,
To make the *person* answer for the mind—
With wond'rous knowledge search thro' ev'ry part,
And treat a wit as Grosy'nor treats a heart.

made,

Clodio—supremely clever in conceit,
To ev'ry circle a poetic treat !
In all that's tasty has a just pretence ;
For who like Clodio warbles without sense ?
Not like the mean pretenders to renown,
Who pilfer others to secure their own,

Moves

Moves *his rare pen*— that more than human bard,
 To compass novelty can sense discard.
 Soft as the down that cloaths his tender chin,
 Gentle as Delia, when she yields to sin ;
 His jingling numbers fashionably flow ;
 Sure to delight—the Bard is such a beau !
 Critics themselves forget their wonted rage,
 And spare the beauteous, *dear unmeaning page*.
 The name of plagiarist belongs to none,
 But that poor wretch whom nature will not own ;
 Who yokes, by violence the most absurd,
 Thought after thought, and tortures ev'ry word :
 Toils for a rhyme, from penury of brain,
 And ransacks others to supply the strain.
 But when fair fancy treads, with native ease,
 The flow'ry walks where others us'd to please,
 A word, an epithet, which Pope may claim
 Shall not obstruct the young Advent'rer's fame.

Of all the follies which infect mankind,
 The greatest, sure, is *ignorance refin'd*.
 Let flagrant Nonsense be the Muse's fire,
 No wisdom lead him and no genius fire :
 A rhyme the utmost limit of his range,
 A brain, too barren such a rhyme to change !
 Let contradiction start at ev'ry clause,
 And want of fancy make an hideous pause ;

Borne

Borne on the wing of ease, a Lord shall rise,
 With nice cravat, and fond-inspiring eyes !
 Perch on my Lady's furbelow or cap,
 And scorning Wisdom, wait for Folly's clap ;
 While admiration sinks in am'rous trance,
 To hear his sing-song on the modes of France.
 If once a scribbler with his rhimes can claim
 Great wealth and titles to procure them fame,
 " Ah !" cries the fair one, snatch'd on golden wings,
 Ambition flutt'ring with each verse he sings !
 " Who can resist such eloquence and fire,
 " Or curb the pleasing tumults of desire ?
 " Language so smoothly flowing into rhyme,
 " And every cadence faithful to the time !
 " Ah, sure the softest melody combines
 " To form the peerless sweetness of your lines.
 " The Muses rock'd the cradle as you lay
 " With infant music warbling to the day :
 " Nor could harsh cries invade that tender tongue,
 " So form'd to charm in converse and in song."
 Pleas'd with the tickling of a female's word,
 And scarce more flatter'd by the term—My Lord !
 His teeming fancy breaks upon the town,
 To scatter laurels on a *cap* or *gown*.
 Astonish'd grandeur catches at the bit,
 And rich stupidity proclaims it Wit.

Bufo,

Bufo, more pleas'd when some dull Peer indites
 His golden numbers, than when Genius writes,
 Receives the precious bantling from its Sire,
 Adorns the who 'ejand bids the world admire.
 Foremost in rank the gaudy thing behold,
 Morocco-bound, and edg'd with purest gold :
 Blazing conspicuous to the dazzled eye,
 And proudly summoning mankind to buy.
 Long ere the *first* edition is run through,
 Behold a *second* starts to public view,
 In type most elegant, and cuts most rare ;
 Who would not buy when dulness looks so fair?
 The Maids of Honour, and the white-wand Beaux,
 Whose judgment centers in an Author's cloaths—
 All in one breath subscribe to Clodio's book,
 All with one eye had seen his courteous look !
 Thus kind subscription smooths his easy way,
 And imp'd by friends, he flutters into day ;
 There lives his moment, till the whim is o'er,
 Then drops unnotic'd, and is heard no more.

Who shall dispute the merit of my Lord,
 When plenty's scatter'd on his splendid board ?
 Who shall dispute the gay Parthenia's taste,
 By wealth exalted, and in grandeur plac'd ?
 Though from obscurest solitude she came,
 A race of weeds that scarcely bore a name !

Till

Till, meanly spread to gilded folly's eyes,
At once his charm, and mercenary prize,
The *thing* was grafted on a fool of state,
To bud, and strangely blossom with the great.
And yet Parthenia, arrogantly proud,
Deems wit ignoble if it deck the croud ;
To birth alone pre-eminence allows,
And owns no laurel but on titled brows :
Nor once remembers, for the time is flown,
What filth and meanness gather'd at her own.

But should—a stranger to the dang'rous road,
Some wretch unknown presume to step abroad,
With nature only for his artless guide,
And not a friend among the sons of Pride :
If such appear, in this unthankful time,
And dare to publish, what he thinks, in rhyme ;
How quickly brandish'd is the Critick's quill,
How glotes the wretch on what he longs to kill !
Pierc'd thro' each part the poor advent'r lies,
And even Candour's deaf to Merit's cries.
Yet soon or late the boist'rous tumult o'er,
Justice may guide my little Bark to shore ;
While puff'd of dulness, like the gilded thing
Of some rich fool, or bauble of a King,
Shall spread its banners, for a month, a year !
Nor live to flutter round its owner's bier.

Subject

Subject to public censure or applause,
 To public candour I submit my cause ;
 Think for myself, tho' hundreds round me rail,
 Nor shift my tenets, with the shifting gale :
 Or own, like Atticus, with slavish awe,
 The vast importance of the critic law.
 Wild as the flow'r that scents the desert air,
 Wild as the note which nature loves to hear ;
 With careless ease, unconscious of controul,
 I catch the genuine impulse of my soul.
 Still let me gild the transitory day,
 With fancy's colours and its native ray ;
 Still let me smile, in life's sequester'd vale,
 At envy's censure and ill-nature's tale ;
 With rapture meditate what reason brings,
 Consult my feelings, and decide from Things.

THE FOLLOWING

L I N E S

Were written at the Request of a YOUNG LADY,

Whose Friend had taken the VEIL.

LEIGE, 1776.

TO you—whose downcast modest looks denote
 A peaceful tenour of unspotted thought,
 Where pious rapture, eager to be blest,
 Springs from its earthly tenement to rest—
 To you this verse—

With ev'ry charm that can attract or please,
 Of gentlest manners, elegance and ease ;
 With ev'ry hope and prospect to be great,
 The blaze of riches and the pomp of state !
 Lov'd and admir'd—Say ! could not *these* delay,
 Thy youthful soul, or flatter thee to stay ?
 Could not the soft enticements to delight,
 The world's whole pleasure, or the world invite ?
 Could not the dearer eloquence of love,
 A father's wishes, or a mother move ?

L

No! -

No ! nor the fond entreaties of a Sire,
 Nor mother's tears, nor lover's could inspire
 One thought that differ'd from thy virgin word,
 Or bribe thy soul, one moment, from thy L ORD.

In vain gay fashion courts thee to her arms,
 Displays new pleasures and unfolds new charms ;
 Enhances every scene, tips every dye
 With dazzling magic, to delude thy eye ;
 In vain mad fortune, with superfluous hand,
 Scatters the labour'd riches of a land ;
 Adorn'd with half the produce of the East,
 Shines at a ball, or blazes at a feast :
 Ascends the Phaeton, or brings from far
 The well-earn'd laurels of infatiate war ;
 In vain the momentary beams of birth,
Distinguish'd marks of *undistinguish'd* earth !
 Attempt to catch one wand'ring of your eye,
 Or boast of one involuntary sigh.

Happy the maid, some dazzled wretch will say,
 Whose pleasures vary with the varying day.
 Ah, slave to vanity's delusive blaze,
 Turn for a while, and view the thing you praise :
 Catch, if thou canst, the giddy toy at rest,
 Retire unnoticed, and inspect her breast.

Behold

Behold her sleepless, tossing out the night
 In endless care, and wishing for the light ;
 Behold her sick'ning at the morning beam,
 Fatigu'd with indolence— behold the same,
 Dragg'd o'er each scene by fashion, to destroy
 Reflection—enemy to fancied joy !
 Then, if thou canst, despise that still abode
 Where raptur'd piety communes with God :
 Then, if thou canst, above the world's controul,
 Hear candid reason whisper to thy soul :
 See things divested of each specious show,
 And ask if happiness is found below ?
 Then, if thou canst, the calmer scene review
 Of peace unfading, and for ever new ;
 Where restless passion stops her giddy rounds,
 And fondly centers in a Saviour's wounds.
 Where you, chaste virgin, from the world's alarms,
 Securely rest, and sink in rapture's arms ;
 Or wak'd from ecstacy to tuneful pray'r,
 Perform each office with religious care ;
 And fondly gild the solitary night
 In beams that glimmer with eternal light.
 While, still importunate to be forgiv'n,
 You feed on sighs, and sighing long for heav'n.

In those lone cells, where spotless peace and rest
 With heav'nly comfort cheer the virgin breast,

Where

Where social angels in each concert join,
 And raise terrestrial music to divine,
 With steady eye you keep your heav'n in view;
There rest your hopes, and only *those* pursue;
 A God! the peerless object of your flame,
 And endless happiness your noble aim!



F I N I S.

